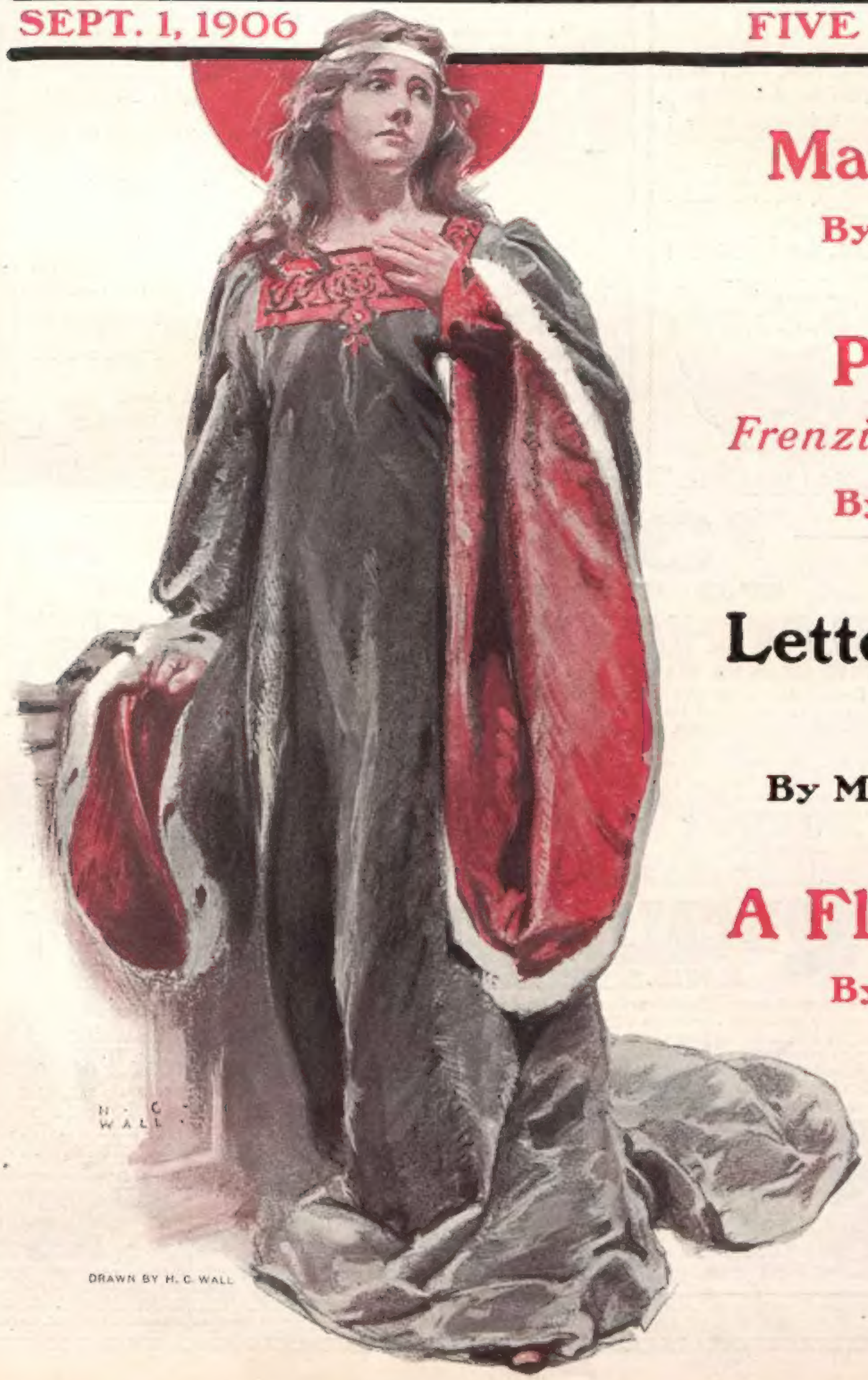
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 1, 1906 — FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY H. C. WALL

Mary Anderson

By William Winter

Princeton:

Frenzied but Unashamed

By Wallace Irwin

Letters to Women in Love

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

A Flock of Geese

By Elliott Flower

Beginning in next week's issue The Chase of the Golden Plate by Jacques Futrelle——A romance of vanished treasure, baffled ingenuity, deferred hope, and mistaken identities

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The Rice of the Valiant Jap, The Oats of the Canny Scot, The Rye of the Swarthy Teuton, The White Flour of the Pale-faced American

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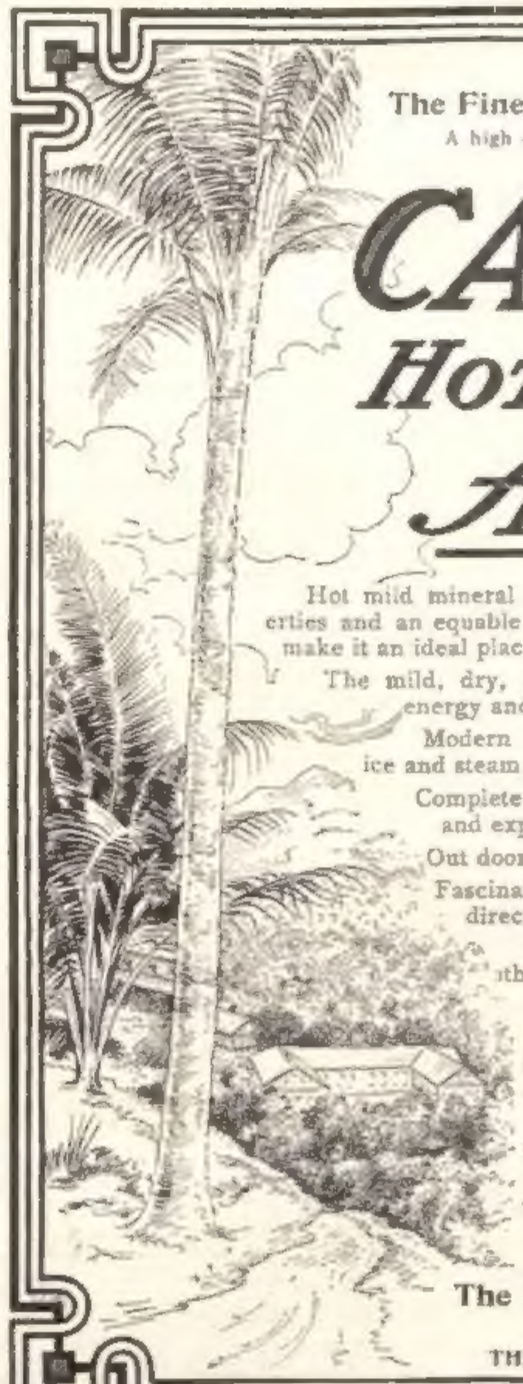

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Burglar and the Cow Girl

Not to mention

The Human Thinking Machine

The Mikado and Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias, were chatting amiably when the Burglar handed a card to the liveried Voice. It was because a loaded revolver was in the hand that offered the card that the butler was shaken out of his stolid reserve. Later the Burglar, some $15,000 worth of gold plate, a 40 h. p. motor car and the Girl of the Golden West disappeared.

Now there are about seventy-nine solutions to this exasperating mystery, and our friend who is frequently termed the gentle reader will guess them all. It is, however, the Human Thinking Machine (five feet two inches tall, one hundred and seven pounds weight and wearing a number eight hat) who gently, but with flawless logic, brushes aside your false deductions and gets at the truth.

If you care to read one of the most amazing and (it is incredible, but true) the most humorous detective story written in years, get next week's issue of the magazine.

A Pair of Hands

Suppose you were taken by the scruff of the neck and set down in an unknown forest. Not a thing about you: not a firearm of any kind, nor a knife, nor a fishing-line—not even a match: nothing but a pair of hands.

Would your college education help you much? The fact that you held the political destinies of your county in your grasp—would that be of assistance? You might have drawn good wages as a bricklayer or a carpenter; would that get you food?

Yet here is a man turned adrift in just such a plight. But his hands were educated, every one of his five senses was trained, and he had a sixth sense, which we sometimes call wood-craft.

From nothing (save that wonderful pair of hands with which he went into the woods) his possessions grew until they included fire, food, shelter, tools, clothes and a wife; about all any man can hope to get under the most favorable conditions of living.

A story of stupendous interest, this tale called The Man-Animal; it would be termed a fine piece of imaginative fiction were it not based upon actual facts observed and attested to by its author, Mr. Emerson Hough.

The Man-Animal will appear in an early number.

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"IF IT'S 'ARMOUR'S' IT'S O. K."

¶ The "Armour way" of specializing has put Armour products in a class by themselves and keeps them there. Each food producing department, in all of the six plants, is in charge of a specialist. His sole object is to make the product of his department—whether it be an extract, a ham, a lard, or a canned meat—*the best* of its class *in the world*. Quality is the first consideration. After forty years of effort and vast expenditure to put their products at the top in reputation and quality, Armour & Company cannot afford to let them deteriorate—cannot afford to put their name on anything but the best. The result is that "Armour" is quoted around the globe as a guaranty of quality.

Armour food products always have been sold on their merits. They are as good today as they were yesterday. They will be better tomorrow if we can make them so.

SAVORY "EXTRACT" SOUPS

¶ Rich, meaty, wholesome, and palate-tempting soups—soups that nourish and delight, without overheating—are best made with Armour's Extract of Beef. It imparts that savory quality, without which soups are insipid, because it is the best extract of the best beef—a pure, wholesome, concentrated stock packed in convenient jars for household use. It is also invaluable to the housewife for restoring the original juices and flavor to recooked meats, and giving vegetables a snap and flavor obtained in no other way.

¶ "CULINARY WRINKLES," a little cook book written by Mrs. Ida M. Palmer, tells of scores of appetizing ways in which Armour's Extract may be used. It will be mailed free on request.

MEATS FOR EMERGENCIES

¶ What mother's preserves were when "company" came, Armour's "Veribest" canned meats are for the luncheon, tea, picnic, or other emergency. They are dainty and toothsome and always ready, saving time and kitchen worry. ¶ Meats for the "Veribest" brand are carefully selected and are all rigorously inspected; seasonings are absolutely pure; perfect vacuum-process canning, with thorough cooking and sterilizing completes their preparation. Suggestions, directions and recipes on the back of each can-wrapper will help you make "Veribest" a source of never ending satisfaction to family and guests. Here are some of the ready-to-serve delicacies put up under the "Veribest" brand:

Ox Tongue Boneless Pigs' Feet Veal Loaf Corned Beef Boned Chicken
Compressed Ham Pork and Beans Vienna Sausage Hamburger Steak

The Armour brands are standard wherever food products are sold

"Specializing" is the up-to-date method of getting the best results

Armour products represent forty years of successful specializing

"THE HAM WHAT AM"

¶ That line always means Armour's "Star" Ham, the most delicately flavored and delicious ham ever produced. The reasons for its supreme excellence: To receive the "Star" brand, a ham must come from a young but fully developed and moderately fat corn fed "barrow" hog, and it must weigh not less than eight nor more than twenty pounds. Only about one ham out of every fifteen produced in the Armour plants comes up to these requirements. But that one is "just right"—meat fine and firm, juicy and tender, thin skinned and with fat and lean perfectly proportioned—in other words, an Armour's "Star" Ham. Then special curing and smoking add the characteristic flavor. For breakfast—a slice with new laid eggs—it's a dish for the epicure.

The name on the label is, after all, the best guaranty of the quality of any article of commerce. In food products, "Armour" will continue to be, as it has been in the past, the synonym of quality

PASTRY MADE PERFECT

¶ For making biscuits that will "melt in the mouth," for pastry, for every "shortening" purpose, there is nothing like Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. This is so because it is a *special* lard. It is made entirely of selected, flaky kidney fat, rendered in open kettles to remove oily, indigestible substances. This pure lard—the very "cream of lard"—is as sweet and clean and as easily digested as the best butter. It is the cheapest lard in the long run, because there is no risk and no waste in using it. While it may cost a few cents more than other lards, the saving in unspoiled cookery can be counted in dimes and dollars. But be sure to look for the label—Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.

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¶ The bacon that cooks crisp without scorching—Armour's "Star" Sliced Bacon (in tins or glass jars). For breakfast, it wakes up the appetite and stimulates digestion, as well as nourishes. It is "Star" bacon, in the first place, a selected, special-cure bacon. Then, for putting into jars or tins, choice strips of "Star" quality are chosen and sliced to uniform thinness. These slices are again sorted and carefully packed and then sealed in air tight tins or jars. You thus get the very choicest bits of bacon from the largest bacon producing establishment in the world. Armour's "Veribest" Sliced Dried Beef (in glass jars or tins) is produced by a similar system of selection.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 Number 9

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

The Shame of the Colleges

By WALLACE IRWIN

Princeton: Frenzied but Unashamed

The cruel, the tigerishly cruel system—Thomas W. Lawson

-Struck Briskly Three Times on the Wrist

YOU know and I know—or let me say it differently. When you think of Princeton you doubtless call to your mind's eye a portrait of Grover Cleveland, the original Man with the Hoe, weeding out his radish-patch like the hero of some sweet pastoral. The word "Princeton" suggests to you a village of broad streets and prosperous drug-stores, the home of retired Presidents and active railway magnates. If you are deaf and paralytic and reasonably blind, as you may be, gentle reader, you can go to Princeton and forget all about the University for as much as eighty seconds. Then the blast from a four thousand colt-power sis-boom-ah will strike you full force between the midrif and the seventh vertebra. You will stagger, you will fall, an army of maddened rooters will pass over your neck: and you will realize that Princeton has a University and that it is Frenzied.

The University of Princeton was preceded by the Log College, a strictly retail establishment begun in 1726. Even in the days of good King William, when the college yell was a spontaneous spasm and not a perverted work of art, when the nucleus of Princeton's great modern rooting section was limited to scarce twenty brass-lunged bellowers, respectable William Tennant, the churchly director, was sore troubled one sunny morning when the class in algebra arose as one man and repeated stridently in unison:

Jersey lightning!
Give 'em the pill!
What's the matter with good King Bill?
He's the spunky
Hunky-dunky!
Smoke and powder,
Punch and chowder,
'Ray for the Colonies,
Nas-sau! Nas-sau!!
Whe-ee-ee!!!

Pious, gentle founders of the Log College!—they little understood the requirements of modern higher education. It is said that the first Princeton yell so damaged the primitive architecture of the place that it was immediately abandoned and the present University begun in Nassau Hall, a building so stoutly made as to withstand the sermons of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the cannonading of the Hessian troops and the destructive "locomotive yell" which annually rips up three miles of the track along the Princeton spur of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Then came the football team, and Princeton was permitted to take her place among the world's seats of learning.

In the early days of the institution, I am told, dormitories and recitation-rooms were troubled by continual raids of Mosquito Indians, a particularly bloodthirsty tribe of New Jersey aborigines not owned by any trust. Now and then a flint-headed arrow would come hurtling through an open window, knocking the ferule from the hand of some devout Presbyterian instructor, passing through a partition and breaking into a thousand bits on the blockhead of some particularly obtuse Freshman. At last one day the nuisance became unbearable, the Faculty armed itself and the savages melted away before the great guns of the University. But it was too late—already the Indians had taught the students how to yell.

But let us not probe the muck-fork too deeply into the sore spots of history. Princeton has grown so much in the past generation that not even Aaron Burr would recognize her now, builded on her broad park-acres of the architecture affected by the Tudors of England and the tutors of New Jersey. But despite her air of conscious pride, the spirit of the old Mosquito Indian still stalks abroad on her campus, and the undergraduate body of Princeton is as frenzied to-day as it was in the elder time when President Tennant drew his own water from the wooden pump out back of the ancient Log College.

Yet many of Princeton's fine old Roman virtues have passed away, now that the day of academic fatness is upon her. Commonplace manslaughter has taken the place of the dear, 'cute old rushes around the Cannon when the sound of breaking bones was like the snapping of firecrackers across the campus. The grand, quaint custom of hazing has been "suppressed" at Princeton, too, much as it has been "discouraged" at West Point and Annapolis. It is no longer lawful to toss Freshmen from the roof of Old North, or to drive them faster than a trot through the town streets. When a Sophomore is caught hanging a Freshman up by the thumbs, he is said "Fie!" to by an indignant Faculty. Any second-year man discovered in the act of drowning a Freshman does so at the risk of being struck briskly three times on the wrist. Since these blue laws have been passed college life has, necessarily, lost much of its flavor.

Princetonitis

As a consequence of the growing sentiment against hazing the Freshmen are becoming more and more a power in the University, and every high-school graduate arriving from East Aurora or Grizzly Gulch is apt to be offered the Presidency of the Student Body, the Captaincy of the Football Team or a Fellowship with a Ph. D. attachment. All this I know to be true, as the facts were given me by a kind Princeton 'bus driver who proved a fountain of information, and who later went to sleep and forgot to collect his fare. And this brings me to Princetonitis.

At Princeton they get it and keep it. It is a sort of black-and-yellow fever, the patient being inoculated, according to the learned Doctor Nassau, by the *stygomeia tigerensis* or striped, carnivorous Jersey mosquito. The disease is chronic, intermittent and spasmodic, is traceable to a germ slightly resembling the blue bacillus of Yale, but directly opposed to the *pedantix anglomaniaca*, which has wrought such havoc at Harvard. Princetonitis

is characterized by teething symptoms and cold sweat in the case of Freshmen, and progresses to a high fever complicated by megalomania in the Sophomore year. In the Junior year the patient develops flirtatious melancholia, and the class-yelling habit is manifest almost constantly until the Senior year, when spasms during football practice and chills during examinations are often followed by Alma Matricide. Every spring large numbers of students are discharged from old Nassau as cured, but the disease is sure to reappear, even years after the patient has been removed from the infected district.

The Coming of the Football Team

The ravages of the disease are terrible. I asked a Princeton Sophomore, a bright-appearing little chap, to direct me to Nassau Hall. He gulped and hesitated for a moment, then I noticed that he was suffering from Princetonitis in so violent a form that he could express himself intelligibly only in class yells. "Certainly, sir," he began politely, then clearing his throat as for a supreme effort he continued, in a resounding bellow like some antediluvian thunder-lizard:

Rah-rah-rah!
Siss-boom-ah!
Point your feet down Nassau Street;
Then through the great Fitz Randolph Gate;
Past the Dean's house go with a whiz,
Past the 'Varsity Officiz—
Rah-rah-rah!
Siss-boom-ah!
Princeton, Princeton!—
And there you are!!

The Achievements of "Ferdie the Fusser"

Fearing to excite the poor boy further I advanced a few paces as directed, but not feeling quite sure of myself, turned back and inquired, "Am I right?"

Whereupon the Sophomore took another long breath and shouted:

Rah-rah-rah!
Right you are!
Who's all right?
You're all right, you bet, every time!
Nas-sau! Nas-sau!! Nas-sau!!!

I went on, discreetly silent, until I noticed a great column of smoke arising, apparently, from an open square in the centre of the campus. The smudge, I found upon investigation, emanated from eleven undergraduates who stood around the Big Cannon puffing all at once at eleven enormous black brier-wood pipes of about twenty-three candle-power tobacco capacity. By the feverish way in which they spoke such phrases as "going stale," "smooth team-work," "it's a cinch with Yale," "strong stick-work for the Tigers" and the like I inferred that they were philosophy students going over their courses together. However, I made so bold as to address a tall youth who wore an especially small hat and smoked a particularly large pipe.

"My boy," I said, "can you direct me to the buildings of the famous Whig and Clio literary societies?"

Without the slightest trace of hesitancy the eleven students lined up, drew a long breath and split the air with the following cheer:

Rah-rah-ray!
You yap, you jay!
What's the use
Of being obtuse?
Why, drat 'em,
You're looking at 'em!
Rubber!!

I understand that the increasing yelling-mania quite embarrassed the Faculty at first, because the students flatly refused to get anything into their heads but highly-explosive doggerels. Finally the college-cheer system of instruction was hit upon with splendid results. Thus the class in higher mathematics, the class in Elizabethan literature, classes in astronomy, economics, law, Germanic literature, are divided into convenient yelling sections and expected to give the sum of their day's learning in rhymed unison. The professor of Latin will hold up his baton and open his class by saying: "Well, fellows, let's give the yell!" and the class will respond:

'Ray for Terence, 'ray for Plautus!
Cicero was the guy you taught us;
Julius Cæsar
Was the geezer,
Horace makes the Freshmen whistle
By each bally old Epistle!
Hic, haec, hoc!
Bow-wow!
TIGER!!

I cannot, of course, reveal my sources of information, but I was told by a responsible Princeton laundryman that the application of a brilliant scholar in zoölogy was rejected by the Faculty, although the job was open to some good man. "He is undoubtedly one of the most accurate authorities on the heart-action of the Bermuda catfish," the adverse Faculty report read. "His thesis on 'The Unconscious Cerebration of Soft-shell Crabs' has come to be considered an inspired classic in the literature of science. And yet one physical disability bars him forever from entering the Faculty of Princeton. He is a very mediocre yeller."

I withdrew to the University Library to find a quiet retreat when the noise of the cumulative cheering became deafening, the four classes and the post-graduate students joining together in a siss-boom, a rah-rah and a tiger for the football coach, the Faculty, the alumni, the President of the United States and all others in authority. I found the Library to be a magnificent pile packed with literature to Carnegie capacity. This branch of the University is a startling example of the peculiar growth of Princeton under the Frenzied System. 'Way back in Revolutionary days this Library was started on a three-foot hickory shelf and consisted of Pilgrim's Progress, Tom Brown's Schooldays, One Hundred Choice Selections and Robinson Crusoe. From time to time biographies, sermons and patent-office reports were bequeathed by willing and wealthy Jerseymen and the Library prospered until it became as difficult to borrow a book from as any of our more modern institutions. But it was not until the complete, unabridged edition of Revised Football Rules was published that the Library reached its present glory of over one million volumes.

It was on the steps of the Library that I met the Self-Supporting Student. He was reading from a volume of Xenophon which he held in his right hand, while with his left he sold socks, suspenders and collar-buttons to the passing undergraduates.

"Is it true," I inquired, "that the impecunious student must needs struggle for his education at Princeton?"

"Utterly false," said the S. S. S., pausing between a pronoun and a transitive verb. "Before I came to college I looked up the word 'student' and found that it was derived from the Sanskrit *stu*, 'a stew,' and the French *dent*, 'a tooth,' meaning that the student is one who must needs eat to learn. I have been in Princeton now for three years, during which time I have made my living almost without effort by putting into practice a few accomplishments which I have picked up from time to time.

"In the morning, from five to seven, I wash dishes in a University eating club; from seven till nine I work as a chiropodist, cut hair and tutor in Goethe and Schiller. From nine till twelve I drive a grocery team and, during the luncheon hour, wait on table. My afternoons are devoted to giving lessons in dancing and painting, filling teeth and sawing wood, and in the evening I play a 'cello in a local orchestra. My spare time, of course, is given up to study, recreation and devotional exercises."

"What do you do with your vacations?" I asked, charmed with the idyllic simplicity of his life.

"The vacations," he said, "were, at first, a problem. I found myself provided for during the University year with comparatively little effort on my part. But the question came up in my Freshman year: How to get the most profit out of my summer vacations? A lucky coincidence solved the riddle very happily for me.

"You see, it has long been a student-custom, now crystallized into a sacred tradition, for the students to attend every circus that comes to town, not so much for the purpose of enjoying the miraculous mid-air marvels as to confuse the clown and 'horse' the performers. They pay for general admission at the door, collect in a mob and suddenly, with an inspiring yell, rush upon the reserved seats and hold them in defiance of the angry 'Hey, Rube!' from an army of stakemen and roustabouts.

"On a spring day, during one of my many idle hours, I went with a hundred Freshmen to see one of these circuses. We teased the lion, captured the clown, and were about to kidnap Madame Celeste, the talented spinster equestrienne, when—but the fight that ensued is alien to my story. It suffices to say that the afternoon's recreation gave me a valuable suggestion. Next day I applied to the manager of the circus for a position, was successful, and since then

(Concluded on Page 23)

Self-Supporting Student

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

The Married Woman at the Centre of Indifference

By Mrs. JOHN VAN VORST

I

To Mrs. Mortimer Cairesbrooke, Dupont Circle,
Washington.

My dear Jane:

The question with which you conclude the closely-written pages of your letter caused me some surprise. I understand you, I believe you, dear, but you have set me to reflecting. You have waited some time for the answer which you expected by return of post, for this answer is not easy to give. I was, as I tell you, unprepared for what you ask me.

"Can a woman love two men at once?"

Let us face the facts of the situation as you state them. You are twenty-seven years old. You have been married to Mortimer Cairesbrooke for seven years. Mortimer is the best friend you have in the world. You love him better than any one. All this you tell me hurriedly, as the confession of a person who is guilty.

The rest of your letter is the defendant's plea. You are so often alone. Mortimer lives out-of-doors—you cannot endure sport. Mortimer hates reading—you cannot exist without books. The list of these paradoxes, in which you figure on one side and Mortimer on the other, is long. Each hour of the day, indeed, marks the opposition of your tastes. But back of these differences there is a moral suffering.

You chose Mortimer Cairesbrooke because you wanted to be his wife. Beautiful, courted, wealthy and a belle as you were, Jane, you might have married any one of a dozen men when you accepted this one. Now you miss in him the man with whom you first fell in love. What has become of this man? Is it you who have changed? Is it Mortimer?

But to return to your letter. Lately you have been housed with a sprained ankle, which has forced you to indulge your fondness for dwelling hours by the fire in your boudoir. It seems wrong to bore yourself. . . . One cannot read forever. There is among your acquaintances, a man with whom you enjoy talking. What harm can there be in merely exchanging ideas? This man is an Italian, a diplomat, a man of leisure, a man who understands and who has studied women! It is agreeable to be with him for this reason, and harmless, since he is always devoting himself, not to one but a lot of your fair friends. At first he came from time to time for a *causerie*, as he calls it: a chat with you on impersonal subjects. Then he came more often. Mortimer did not object; he was glad of anything that distracted you. He pitied you for being shut up as you were, and as he could not endure to be, even with you. At last, for one pretext or another, the visits of your Italian diplomat, which were casual in the beginning, were made every day and at the same hour. When four has struck, you find yourself waiting for a particular ring at the bell. When Signor Spinola has been announced, you give word to the man servant that no one else is to be received.

All this is innocent, you ask, isn't it?

There is no harm in any one of these things?

No, Jane, not in any one of them.

However, the fact that, in this affair, you should turn to anybody, shows a hesitancy which is the tacit avowal of an uneasy conscience.

This question with which your letter concludes is doubtless one that others have put to themselves before you. It reveals your inward perplexity.

Can a woman love two men at once?

If a woman makes one man happy, truly happy, there will be no possibility of her loving two men, no such question permissible in her heart.

Consider this. I ask you, when your first impulse of resentment against me for my injustice has worn away, to think over what I say. Then let me hear from you again, and I will, if you wish, explain myself further on the subject. In the meanwhile you will continue to see Spinola as before.

A Man Who Understands and Who has Studied Women!

II

To the same:

Your letter just received is startling. There is something intense, vital, about love, in whatever form it presents itself to us. It is never a game or a pastime. Love is love, commonplace as this may seem to you. When it is reduced to a spark in the midst of ashes, it holds fire enough to consume in its flames a home, a town, a church, a world. Such is its power!

But I begin to see that you did not call upon me as an old friend merely to "talk things over." You are on the brink of a precipice. Perhaps you are more keenly aware of this than any one. The hand you hold out to me is not exactly the welcoming hand of a hostess extended to a chance passer-by! You lay hold of me, you cling to me in a way that is its own signal of the danger you are in. I am gravely perplexed. If I am violent you may go, startled, plunging into the abyss. A move too far might send you beyond recovery—do you wonder at my concern?

You asked me whether a woman could love two men at once. You don't love two men, my dear. You are beginning to grow detached from the man you ought to love, and you are beginning to love the man from whom you ought to grow detached.

I am not going to preach; you wouldn't listen to me. I beg you simply to call upon your own experience and observation. If there is one way above all others whereby we can recognize love, it is in the absence of criticism. If you love, you can't, you mustn't judge. Ask any woman who ever has loved, young or old; she will tell you the same thing.

Now suppose we apply this rule—*judge not*—to your present opinion of Mortimer.

No one had a more definite idea than you, before you married, of what the ideal husband should be. In Mortimer the thing that attracted you was his resemblance, in the matter of leisure and culture, with Englishmen of your acquaintance. As you put it: "Mortimer has sat more hours in the saddle than on a school-bench or on an office-stool."

Mortimer didn't make any mystery about his likes and dislikes. You can't accuse him of that. He very justly considered his sporting capacities as most likely to attract you. He knew you were proud to have him Master of the Hounds, the best whip in New York, and the rest ——

What has happened, then, to change this? You didn't honestly expect him to give up sport when you married, in order to devote himself solely to you? Nothing would have worn on your nerves more quickly. His very sacrifice (as is always the case when two feel themselves sacrificed and neither gets what he wants) would have irritated you.

What is it, then, you want that Mortimer does not give?

Shall I tell you what I think?

You want a good excuse for being discontented with your husband.

You reproach him for getting up early in the morning to go hunting. You would reproach him if he got up late because he had spent the night in reading. But a pretext for being discontented is not enough. You go further. You want the right to complain. You have tried unconsciously to get your friends to share in your disapproval

In Full Sight Before You Your Maid had Placed a Note from Spinola

—disapproval is too strong—in your dissatisfaction. As though Mortimer were dull, self-absorbed, a husband who did nothing to make his wife happy and who couldn't deserve to be loved by her!

This is what alarmed me when I read your letter: it seemed as though you were seeking to persuade me that Mortimer no longer really cared for you!

III

To the same:

You answered my letter before I had time even to continue the development of my "judge not" theory! Your haste in responding is indicative. Unconsciously what you say takes the form of a protestation. My dear Jane, *qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

The very manner in which you describe Spinola's personal appearance (I have before me the picture of Mortimer) is a proof of the direction your "indulgence" has taken. Spinola, you say, is tall, with the grace of a man whose muscles are part of his heredity and not (I see Mortimer on horseback) the ordinary flesh toughened by a single generation of riding.

Spinola wears a mustache. (I perceive Mortimer's clear-cut, smooth-shaven features.)

Spinola speaks English not only with the most alluring accent, but he chooses his words in a manner that gives them a new meaning. . . . He has a subtle sense of humor, but he never laughs out loud. (I can hear Mortimer's boisterous outbursts of merriment.)

In your conversations there is none of that tragic entering into details which makes any intercourse (I remember Mortimer's love of the practical) monotonous and trying to the nerves. Moreover, by a chance for which no one is responsible, it happens that what Spinola does interests you! He is in close touch with the very questions that have always fascinated you.

Two things I grant you, dear.

First, that no two people are happy together unless they have a mutual appreciation of each other. In the daily intercourse which marriage presupposes there is no demand so imperative as this desire to be appreciated. It is a necessity in the human heart. The soul remains, as it were, a tramp among souls until it has found appreciation of its qualities, its limitations, its defects, its possibilities. Now nothing is so useless as an object that nobody needs. However a log of wood, for example, may cheer the hearth with its flames in December, in July it becomes a dire incumbrance. So it is with the "unneeded" in marriage.

This dissimilitude or inaptness of couples (mind you, I admit it exists only to show you I am not one-sided and that what I state may have some weight) brings me to the second of my concessions. Spinola is not a hero. He is the man excelling in small things. Yet I can perfectly well fancy you, a dozen times while you are with him, saying: "That's another thing Mortimer would never have thought of."

It has, perhaps, not tempted you to compare Spinola's idea of you with Mortimer's on the same subject. You have never tried to realize what Mortimer wants you to be and what the other would like to have you.

The very multiple attentions with which this Italian surrounds you are so many inducements for you to follow the "gentle slope" which leads—under the name of happiness—to self-destruction. It is on a pedestal that Mortimer has placed you like a goddess, inaccessible.

Mortimer's Boisterous Outbursts of Merriment

And Spinola? When he has undermined the pedestal? Will not the goddess lie in the dust at his feet?

IV

To the same:

Your response has come. I go back to the statement made in my first letter: if you want Mortimer to make you happy, you must begin by making him happy. I have seen husbands madly in love, overwhelming their wives with attention, tenderness and generosity, while they and their wives were both miserable enough.

Why?

Because the woman can't be happy in marriage, no matter how adored she is, unless she begins by making happy her husband.

It's a thankless task, you think? I go so far as to affirm that any woman who makes her husband happy will be happy with him, no matter what sort he is.

What can be a more constant and legitimate reproach than a cheerless husband?

No matter how far our modern education may have perverted us women, the instinct of our marrow is to console, comfort, please and cherish the man. When we fail in this, however gratified our pride may be at our emancipation, there is a revolt of nature in us, because—and nothing is more wearing—we are missing our destiny.

You told me in one of your letters how instinctively Spinola did certain things which gave you pleasure, and you conclude that love needs to be taught nothing. No, perhaps not the sort of love that makes the bouquet, that cuts all its blossoms ruthlessly and offers them regardless except of their immediate sweetness. But the other love, the growing love, must be trained like a vine.

You conclude that because Mortimer isn't expansive he can't be sensitive, that, if he says nothing, he feels little. Yet you notice what his pleasures are and how keen, and you notice that he seldom converses about them. Has it occurred to you that he has sufferings equally keen and of which he also never speaks? There is nothing sadder than a man who cannot share his perplexities, his disappointments and his sorrows. . . . Do you not know the definition of the word sympathy? It means "to suffer together." The first conquest for you to make is one of Mortimer's sympathy. This sharing of emotions will be the strongest tie that can bind you together.

V

To the same:

Bravo, Jane! Your husband would say that you were thoroughbred. You may hesitate an instant at the foot of the obstacle, but you go over the hurdle, your eyes shut. I have your word for it, your sacred word, that you are going to try to make Mortimer happy and to understand him. You assure me this with all your heart, and I don't doubt you, for through this whole affair you have been as staunch as a man.

Do I need to tell you that I am overjoyed? You imagine it without my insisting.

VI

To the same:

When you read the lives of the saints you see that they don't attain Heaven the first time trying for it. It would seem as though Providence, realizing what the strength of their souls may be, wanted to give them especial chances for cultivating their exceptional merits. I have a notion that this same Providence is treating you in like manner. She is multiplying the difficulties on your way.

So—it had been raining all day long, and Mortimer had come in drenched through. You had become as anxious about him as though he were a child. You went up to his room and prepared in advance all the dry things he was sure to need. When he came in at last, dripping like a sponge, you sent word that you were waiting for him in your boudoir, that you had hot drinks ready for him, a fire, and so on. You waited for him until dinner was ready. He went, as soon as he had changed his clothes, straight to the stables, and, as he had mounted his favorite mare that day, he stopped to see her wiped down. He didn't leave her until she was comfortably bundled up with a blanket on her back and flannel bandages around her hocks! Meanwhile the hot drinks in the boudoir were growing colder and colder.

When at last he came down for dinner he was not wearing the clothes you had made ready for him. He had put on others. He didn't grasp the fact—you had not left your card on him—that you had been up to his room, and that you had taken a lot of trouble and been worried on his account.

You were inclined to listen very patiently to his stories about the mishaps of the day. But he let the first half of the meal go by without saying a word. He was hungry! You couldn't blame him. But you, who had other thoughts than eating, you found him a little vulgar with his enormous appetite.

Finally he deigned to speak, and what did he say? He said:

"It's a long time since we've had Spinola to dinner. I like Spinola. He always has something to say for himself. Why don't you ask him any more? It would liven us up a bit."

This time it did seem that Mortimer was a trifle opaque, that he was perfectly indifferent even. Love, true love, you protested to yourself, can't exist without jealousy.

The end of your evening was more pitiful than the beginning. You proposed to your husband, when he had taken his seat as usual in the corner by the fire, comfortably installed with his pipe, that you read him an article from some English magazine on the way American jockeys ride, the advantages and utility of their methods, and the criticisms they have excited in Europe.

Mortimer seemed perfectly amazed. He said:

"But this will bore you to death, Jane."

You answered with a mysterious smile:

"No, not at all, if it interests you."

Then he opened his eyes wide upon you, which did not prevent his shutting them again five minutes after. You turned your back to him, and you kept on reading in your dear, gentle voice (which I know so well, and which Spinola has complimented you on when you have read certain passages to him from the English poets). All of a sudden you heard a regular, rhythmic sound, the meaning of which was only too clear. You turned around as though a serpent had stung you. There was no room for doubt: Mortimer was asleep.

This time you were at the end of your patience. You threw the magazine on the floor. You swept out of the boudoir like a tragedy-queen, you rushed up to your room, you slammed the door and locked it. You fell into the chair by your toilet-table and you sobbed—not tears of tenderness, but of rage. They were still glistening in your eyes when you perceived that there, in full sight before you, your maid had placed a note which had just been left for you from Spinola. It was the very note which you had looked for and which you had not received during the day. He pretended that he thought you were ill. He made solicitous inquiries, with his melodious Italian words, as to how you were.

And your letter to me ends with a pathetic appeal:

You have done your best. You have given Mortimer his chance. He has not taken advantage of it.

VII

To the same:

Your telegram reassures me. In the conventional ten words you tell me what I wanted to know: "*Of course I did not see 'him' the next day.*"

I rather hoped this morning for a letter, but seeing that none has come, I take no news to be good news, and I send a few lines to fortify you in the conquest of the unconscious Mortimer.

Remember that this new solicitude on your part is as strange to Mortimer as it is to you. Nothing could be more natural than that a wife should occupy herself about her husband while awaiting his return, when he is absent from the house in a drenching rain. Nothing could be more normal than for one of the couple to read aloud to the other after dinner. You felt, however, that what you were doing the other day was quite extraordinary, almost a sacrifice. And poor darling Mortimer was lulled to slumber by the unaccustomed attention. So it is when the mind makes any unwonted exertion!

No, but, joking aside, what you have done so far is hardly worth mentioning, and such, probably, the husband found it. You must go further than the mere upsetting of Mortimer's habits! You must, as I wrote you before, enter into his feelings and consider them.

Love must be animate, dear, to attract us. It were better to suffer keenly than to feel nothing. This seems a strange counsel to give—that you should enliven your sentiments by pain. But have you not noticed how *alive* we are in mental distress? An hour's misery quickens the thoughts. They turn as though starved for something to feed upon, bringing under their closest scrutiny what before they had languidly contemplated.

Stir up poor Mortimer, to rage if necessary, to suffering if need be. Agitate him! It is the sterility of indifference which disgusts us. I fancy that a thundering anger on Mortimer's part, a violent outburst against anything you had done, would give you more hope than you have had in a long time. Where there is hope, Jane, there is life. So, I beg of you, let there be life in your love.

VIII

To the same:

My last letter was rather melancholy, I admit. To-day I hardly know how to write. I had been "letting myself go," as it were, on the supposition that you were telling me everything. Now, from your epistle of yesterday I find that there was a whole realm which you had not disclosed.

There was No Room for Doubt: Mortimer was Asleep

So you were jealous of Miss Wynkoop?

And you could not help showing it to Spinola?

Miss Wynkoop is an adorable young débutante; this I admit. It would be quite natural for Spinola, or any other bachelor, to lose his heart to such a pretty girl (and especially one whose grace and charm are substantialized by so considerable a fortune).

But after all, it did seem rather absurd for you, in the position you hold, to allow yourself to be jealous. You thought that Spinola wanted to marry Miss Wynkoop, and this rankled.

Was the cause of your jealousy so well founded as you think?

Spinola used always to dance several times with Miss Wynkoop—and even sit out an occasional quadrille.

Is this very marked devotion from a worldly diplomat to a débutante?

I fancy you rather enjoy exaggerating the devotion of Spinola to this rival, so that you can better appreciate the sacrifice he has made for you.

Spinola was invited to accompany the Wynkoops on their private car, with a party, over to the Hot Springs. A delightful opportunity, indeed, for one in love to pay court to the object of his devotions!

But did Spinola take advantage of it?

Not at all!

He refused the Wynkoops' invitation peremptorily.

Why?

Because he wanted to remain in Washington, where you were, where he could see you every afternoon, have news of you twice a day, devote himself to you as his heart dictates.

There is nothing to be said as to the quality of such an ardor!

Indeed, I can see, Jane, that this sacrifice on his part has made, if I may so express it, inroads upon your emotions, upon your ways of looking at things, upon your powers of resistance.

You say to yourself:

"Spinola has done this for me, and I do nothing for him. I don't even show him how much touched I am."

And you *are* touched.

When he comes as usual, at four, there is something rather grandiose, almost tragic, in his manner.

Jane, take care.

Already you have gone too far. Spinola, you tell me yourself, since he has thrown over this Wynkoop affair, is gaining more and more power over you. Yesterday you quite lost your head with him. You realize now that, as you talked, again and again he took your hands. You let them remain in his. He touched them with his lips. You did not withdraw them.

The more you yield to a man who loves you, the happier you will be at the time, and the more you will afterward have to regret.

If your vanity seeks consolation when you think of sacrificing this affair, remember the *amantes célèbres* of whom the world has talked. What gave them their distinction, their title to celebrity? Their rôle as *amoureuses*, as women in love? Not at all. All women, some one has said, are beautiful when they love. But those who have passed on from beauty to the heights of heroism and lasting fame were one and all separated from the objects of their passion, either willfully or through force of circumstances. It was from the convent where Héloise had withdrawn that she wrote her exquisitely plaintive missives to Abelard. And so with Mademoiselle de Condé, with Julie de Lespinasse, with Mademoiselle de la Vallière; their liaisons would have remained for us *banales* if separation had not given to them that poignant note which finds in every heart an echo.

I hardly place you, dear, in the category with these women of bygone days. I only recommend you in any case to break off this affair with Spinola. If really you love him, separation is the only thing which can ennoble this sentiment.

And if you don't love him . . . !

IX

To the same:

What a good joke! We had the same inspiration at the same moment. I came over to Washington to take you by surprise, and Mortimer tells me that you have gone to Baltimore. To see me, of course? Is this true? Answer by telegram. I shall wait for you here.

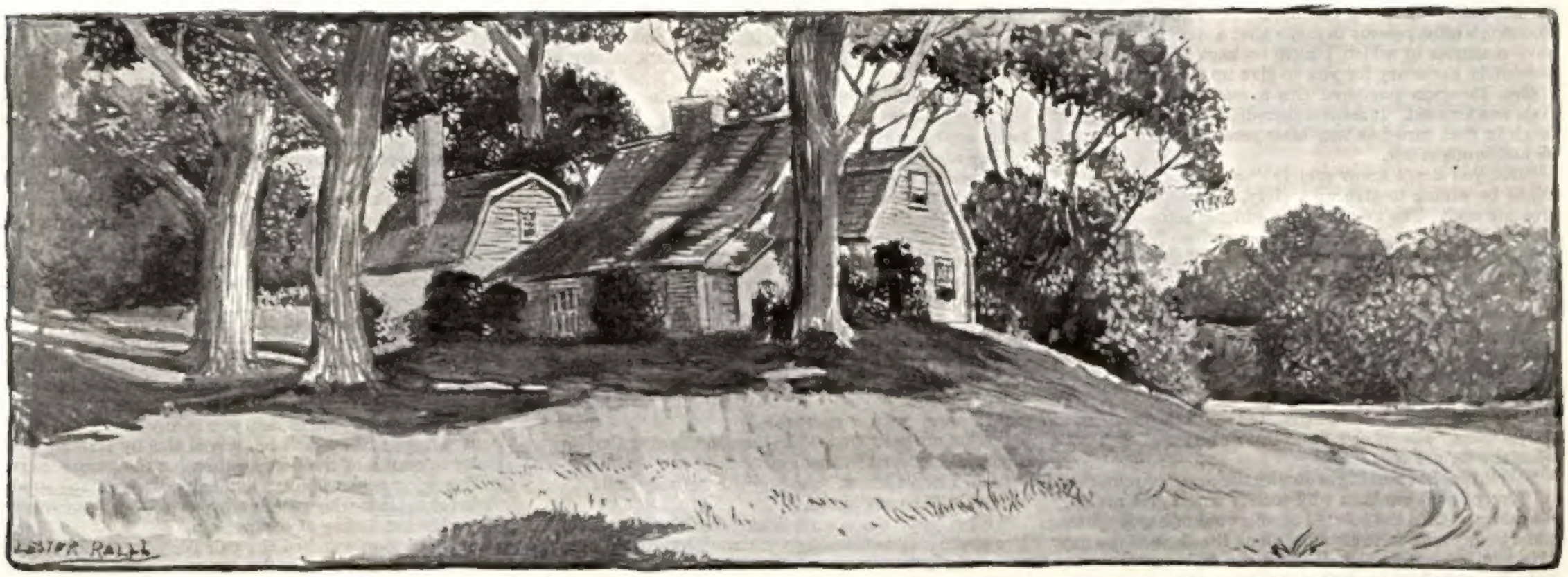
X

To the same:

You are showing the true American spirit! Loyalty, you know, like virtue, is its own reward. I needn't insist further upon the risks you have been incurring. Convinced, no doubt, that discretion was the better part of valor, you have taken it upon yourself to run away. In your opinion you have fled from a man who loved you and who could perhaps give you happiness. To my thinking you have got away just in time from a dangerous adversary.

(Concluded on Page 24)

A FLOCK OF GEESE



The Widow's Mite and its Corner in Hearts

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

MRS. CLARA EMERSON did a very characteristic thing when informed of her unexpected poverty: she borrowed ten thousand dollars of the man who brought her the information. Not that Mrs. Emerson was in the habit of borrowing promiscuously, but she always had been able to get what she wanted by merely asking for it, and, her husband being gone, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to ask the man who had been made executor of his will.

To give her due credit, Mrs. Emerson did not at all appreciate the gravity of the situation or the nature of the favor she was asking. She knew, in a general way, that there were such things as "hard times," and she took it for granted that she had stumbled upon something of that sort at a most inopportune moment. When Eben (her departed husband) encountered a period of financial depression, he tided it over by borrowing, and she saw no reason why she should not do the same thing. It never occurred to her that her predicament was more than a mere temporary embarrassment.

But stranger than her cool request for the money was the fact that Anthony Hale let her have it. Of course, he was rich enough to let ten thousand dollars go without missing it, but his friends would have told you that it was not his nature to be wasteful. If it had been a thousand, there would have been less occasion for surprise; if he had been socially ambitious, it might have been considered a good investment; but he cared nothing for society, had been only a business associate of Emerson, and was but slightly acquainted with Mrs. Emerson. Still, in the circumstances, he might have been expected to offer her a thousand for use while she was adjusting herself to the new situation. But ten thousand is a good deal of money to throw away, and he never could explain how he happened to do it.

Mrs. Emerson had retired, with her two daughters, to Maple Nook after her husband's death, and here Hale had come to break the sad news that nothing would be left of the estate after the debts were paid. Emerson had made a splendid income, but he had saved nothing, possibly because of his wife's social extravagances. These very extravagances were going to make it exceptionally hard for her, too: she was accustomed to them, having been a society leader for many years, and it would not be easy to give them up. Furthermore, her daughters were of marriageable age, which made her continued social prominence all the more necessary. So Hale was really sorry for her, although he would have laughed at the suggestion that his sympathy measured up to a ten-thousand-dollar standard. Hale was not emotional; he was a practical man of business.

"All my money, too?" she asked when she heard the news.

"Everything," answered Hale regretfully. "It was all in his hands, you know, and he got into some unfortunate speculations toward the last. You kept nothing in your name."

"No," she said. "I turned my property over to him when we were married. I never could take care of money."

It occurred to Hale that Emerson had not been remarkably successful in that line himself, but the occasion did not seem to warrant any suggestion of that sort.

"He never was very lucky in speculation," explained Hale, "but he had the ability that made his personal services command a high figure while he lived. Of course that income ceases now."

"Isn't it too provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Emerson, much as she would have commented on the information that something had gone wrong with a dinner she had planned. Hale did not think "provoking" quite the proper word, but he offered no substitute. "I've got the girls to look after, too," Mrs. Emerson went on, her brow clouding, "and it's a very critical time in their careers—one in her second season and the other just ready to begin her first. I never knew anything so inopportune."

Whether this referred to the death of her husband, or merely to the resulting financial embarrassment, Hale did

not feel called upon to inquire. He had a general understanding of the situation, which was sufficient for him. Mr. Emerson had been a business man, considerably older than his wife, and she was a society woman; for many years they had had little in common, although Emerson had been rather proud of his wife's social eminence and had cheerfully furnished her the money she desired. There had been no real companionship, so Hale was content to leave the inopportuneness veiled in uncertainty.

"You seem to be starting wisely," he remarked.

"How?" she asked in surprise.

"By coming to this quiet and inexpensive place."

"Oh, that is quite accidental!" she returned. "It's so much easier to keep out of social gayety when you're where there isn't any, and I remembered that I once came here for a rest-cure after the fatigue of a season. It seemed an ideal place to spend a part of the period of deep mourning."

Hale agreed with her on that: the place was decidedly restful. They were sitting on the porch of a rambling old farmhouse, and a country road, little used, lay between them and a grassy slope to the bay of an inland lake. The maples that gave the name to this secluded corner of the lake were behind and on either side of them. Half a mile away was a little hotel that made a pretense of doing a trifling summer-resort business. It was all so rustic that cows pastured on the slope to the bay and a flock of geese waddled across the lane that led up from the road.

"Whatever your reason," said Hale, "it is a wise choice. Of course, you will have to give up society, and——"

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Emerson protestingly, "that is quite impossible!"

"But, my dear madam," returned Hale, with some warmth, "nothing else is possible."

"Think of the girls!" urged Mrs. Emerson.

"It is unfortunate," said Hale; "but you must look the situation fairly in the face. I am sure you will pardon me for speaking plainly, for my knowledge of Mr. Emerson's affairs seems to make that a duty. Unless you have resources of which I have no knowledge, it will be absolutely necessary for you to give up society"

Mrs. Emerson pondered this a moment and laughed. Hale was amazed. It seemed incredible that any one could laugh in that care-free way after receiving the news that he had brought her.

"Oh, you don't know society!" she assured him. "I might be willing to give up society, but society wouldn't give me up." The geese, now waddling across the lawn, attracted her attention, and she watched them with a smile. "Society is like a flock of geese," she said, "and follows the leader just as docilely ——"

"Until something happens to the leader," suggested Hale, determined to make his point clear.

"Nothing has happened," she returned. "I could have society here, if I wanted it; I'm not sure it won't come anyhow."

Hale shook his head doubtfully.

"Get your geese headed right, and don't do anything to startle them," she argued, "and there's no trouble. That's what the farmer tells me."

"Well, that has nothing to do with the case," he remarked.

"Except as it explains why society won't give me up," she said, and then she pointed to where one of her daughters and a young man were strolling along the slope to the bay. "He lost interest in the city and the fashionable resorts when we came here, and there are two others at the hotel who have suddenly discovered that the fishing is good. They don't know a minnow from a whale, either."

"That's not society," he contended.

"A part of it," she insisted. "They're all prominent socially."

It was discouraging, this task of trying to make her take a practical view of the situation. That certain young men still found her daughters attractive proved nothing; Hale would have to be brutally blunt.

"Mrs. Emerson," he said, "you do not seem to comprehend the fact that you have nothing at all: the estate will hardly pay the debts. The matter is one of immediate importance; I shall be glad to assist you, but ——"

"Yes," she interrupted carelessly, "I suppose I shall have to ask you for ten thousand dollars."

"But, my dear madam!" he protested.

"Why not?" she asked. "You always accommodated Eben."

What could a man do with such an unreasoning woman as that? She might understand society, but she certainly had no comprehension of business—could not see why a loan to her, with absolutely no resources, was not the same as a loan to her late husband, whose ability had been a source of income. Her sublime confidence seemed to put Hale in a trance.

"Yes," she went on calmly, "I shall have to have that much. Could you let me have a check now?"

With generous forethought, Hale had brought his checkbook with him—a fact that he regretted when he had time

"Like a Rustic Love-Scene in a Play"

for consideration. It had occurred to him that a little ready cash might be needed; it had not occurred to him that the sum would be ten thousand dollars, or anything like it.

"I must think of the girls," she said, as she took him into the house, where there were pens and ink. "Their future must not be jeopardized."

Hale afterward decided that he must have been hypnotized: nothing else, not even his sympathy, would explain his advancing ten thousand dollars on nothing. But he gave her the check.

"I believe there's a note or something I ought to sign, isn't there?" she asked. "I know Eben always had to do something of that sort."

"I don't think it's necessary in this case," answered Hale, rather ruefully. At least he would be a graceful victim, if he had to be one, and a note upon which he never would think of forcing a collection would be of no use to him. Besides, he already considered this a loss.

"It's so good of you," she said gratefully; "it makes me feel so much more comfortable."

"What are your plans?" he inquired, feeling that he had a personal interest in them now.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied; "I may build."

"Build!" he exclaimed.

"Why, yes," she returned, surprised by his tone. "If I've got to stay in this sleepy country, I must have a place to entertain."

"But, my dear madam," he protested, almost plaintively, "you have no money for anything of that sort."

"I have ten thousand dollars," she retorted, with a slight show of irritation at his obtuseness. "Of course, I can't do very much with that, but something suited to this quiet neighborhood won't cost so very much. You see, I must remember my duty to the girls."

Hale gave up in despair; he could advise nothing, he could do nothing. She had ten thousand dollars to waste as she saw fit.

"It's getting awfully lonely down here, too," she added. "I really must bring some congenial people down, if only to prove the goose proposition. I can't join in anything really lively, of course, but there's no reason why I should make a cloister of my retreat. It isn't fair to the girls."

Hale, now resigned to the inevitable, merely nodded, and presently left to catch his train back to the city. He thought it all over on the train, wondering at the ease with which he had been separated from ten thousand dollars. At first, he was harshly self-condemnatory: there was not even the promise that the money would do any real good to compensate him for the loss. Then her constant reference to "the girls" recurred to him, and slowly there came over him a new understanding of her point of view.

"By George," he exclaimed, "it's an investment in a matrimonial campaign—and she may win!"

He reviewed the situation, and found much of promise in it. The young man he had seen with Daisy, the elder daughter, belonged to a rich and socially prominent family; the two others at the hotel were decidedly "eligible," and he had heard that one of them was devoted to Esther. What more natural than that a woman of Mrs. Emerson's life and social aspirations should look to society for the rehabilitation of her fortunes? Incidentally, she had expressed a desire that nothing of her present circumstances should become known. Wealth would be no particular attraction to these men, but it was important that she should be able to continue in the circles to which she had been accustomed without creating comment.

"She may do it," he reflected. "I never was much on matrimonial finance, but it's probably her specialty. Perhaps I ought to have taken a note for that money after all; she'll pay it if it ever happens to be convenient, but a note might help with Son-in-Law."

II

MRS. EMERSON looked complacently out over the grassy slope that ran down to the lake, and then smiled at the young man who stood beside her.

"I am not much of a manager, Mr. Ashton," she said, "and I am so much in need of help and counsel that I am going to impose on your good-nature a little."

"Command me, Mrs. Emerson," returned young Ashton gallantly. "It will be a pleasure to do anything that lies in my power."

She smiled her thanks in a way that made him feel he was being taken almost into the family circle; but a worldly person might have found something significant in the fact that she was choosing as her aide the richest of the young men who had been attracted to Maple Nook.

"I have been puzzling over the best way to lay out the grounds here," she explained. "I shall have some gardeners and landscape people out from the city later, but there are some things I want to do now. I've bought the place, you know."

"Bought the place?" he repeated in surprise.

"Well, I own the strip from the house to the lake," she said, "and that gives me room for a pretty good summer place."

"What's the farmer going to do?" he asked.

"Oh, he's going to move into a group of old buildings at the other end of his farm," she answered. "You see, I just fell in love with this lake frontage."

"It is delightful," he conceded; "a charming spot."

"I shall build next season, of course," she went on, "but I've got to make the best of this building now. It's not so bad—old, but roomy—and I'm having some things sent out from the city; but the grounds trouble me. We must have some tennis-courts. Do you suppose you and Daisy could select the best place for them and superintend the work? I've engaged the workmen, but they must be told what to do, or they'll make a botch of it."

"I can imagine no more enjoyable occupation," he returned promptly, thinking more of the partnership with Daisy than of the work.

"So good of you," said Mrs. Emerson gratefully. "It's been so lonely here that I'm planning to have one or two intimate friends down from the city, and I feel that I must get the place fixed up a little. I'm bringing down some of my old servants to take charge of the house."

"I am only too glad to help you in any way that I can," Ashton assured her—and he proved this by starting with Daisy in search of the best location for the tennis-courts.

This joint responsibility, extending even to the supervision of the men who were finally put to work, gave them a very pleasant feeling of partnership.

Mrs. Emerson watched the pair contentedly for a little while, and then retired to the house to write a few notes.

To Carl Gage she extended an invitation to come down for a week or so. "This is not wholly disinterested," she told him frankly. "We want you to help us lay out golf-links. We don't know anything about that, and you know all about it, so I am hoping you will be good enough to give us the benefit of your advice. The girls may bother you some with impractical suggestions, but you won't mind that."

Then she asked Mrs. Worthington to come down with her two daughters. "I really must have some congenial company," she wrote, "and I am sure you will be willing to put up with a few discomforts for my sake. Besides, I want you to see this place now, so that you can compare it with what it will be when I have had time to carry out my building and landscape plans. I never was so enraptured with natural beauties and opportunities before." And in a closing paragraph she added: "Awfully glad to have Jack come, if he can tear himself away from business."

Jack was Mrs. Worthington's son. Possibly that closing paragraph explained something. Hale would have thought it did. Of course, Hale knew nothing of the paragraph, but he did hear that Jack Worthington had followed his mother and sisters to Maple Nook.

"She may do it," he mused, referring to Mrs. Emerson; "she's getting a good collection of eligible men down there, and some mothers and sisters are a necessary inconvenience of the game."

Then he heard that Carl Gage had gone, and that the little hotel was prospering much as a result of the light of Mrs. Emerson's presence in the vicinity. She really

seemed to be a social magnet. But he was not so sure of her wisdom now.

"It seems to me she's overdoing it," he reflected. "She doesn't need so many at one time, but I suppose she figures that she's got to hurry things some, and doesn't want to overlook any chances."

A few days later his wife informed him that she was going to run down to Maple Nook for a week or so.

"What for?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, we may want to build!" she answered.

That had such a familiar sound that it startled him, and he made hasty objection.

"I'm not doing any more building there," he declared.

"What building have you ever done there?" she required, surprised.

"None—as yet."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"I don't know."

She seemed to expect some further explanation, but none was forthcoming

"Our only summer place," she ventured at last, "is almost out of the world. It would be nice to have one where the best people go."

"No one ever knew there was such a place a year ago," he contended.

"But Mrs. Emerson is there now," she argued, as if that settled everything

"I have reason to know that," he said glumly.

"She has bought ——"

"I know it."

"Her presence anywhere is sufficient to ——"

"You know I don't care anything about society," he interrupted.

"Well, I've heard so much about the Nook that I want to go down there for a week or so anyhow," she declared. "You needn't go."

"That's different," he returned, with more cheerfulness. "I merely don't want to buy up all there is of Maple Nook, and that seems to be the outlook."

"Not at all," she assured him.

"Then go ahead."

There was no good objection that he could advance to this plan, but he was not wholly satisfied. His wife was sometimes rather impulsive in gratifying her whims. "And," he thought, "I don't believe I want to contribute anything more to Mrs. Emerson's matrimonial campaign." But it was a risk that he had to take, even if it did make him a little anxious, so he got what consolation he could from the fact that he had cautioned her.

Two days later his son's absence from dinner aroused momentary curiosity.

"Where's Tom?" he inquired.

"Why, sir," replied the butler, "Mr. Tom went down to Maple Nook to-day to join Mrs. Hale."

"Oh!" ejaculated Hale, and then he added thoughtfully: "I wonder if I'll have to pay myself the ten thousand dollars that Mrs. Emerson borrowed of me! That would be a good joke."

But he only smiled rather grimly at the joke.

III

THE porch of the rambling old farmhouse had been made more attractive in many ways. Paint, flowers and new chairs added much to its beauty, and there were now neither cows nor geese.

Mrs. Worthington had come and gone, and other guests had followed her; the house had not been a house of mourning, although the summer had been spent quietly. The young people, of course, had had their tennis and their golf, and a small launch put the pleasures of the lake within reach, but Mrs. Emerson had merely sought to escape loneliness by having a little congenial company in the house—never a large party, but a constantly changing one. That the little hotel was crowded, and that many of the young people there spent much of their time with her daughters on the golf-links and tennis-courts, was not a thing for which she should be criticised.

Just now Mrs. Emerson was giving much attention to Mrs. Hale, and the latter was flattered thereby. Mrs. Hale, although her husband was rich and her family irreproachable, never had got very close to the inner citadel of society. Tom Hale was at that very moment on the golf-links with Esther Emerson, a fact that gratified Mrs. Hale.

"Don't you find it delightful here?" asked Mrs. Emerson.

"It is beautiful!" declared Mrs. Hale.

"I do not think," said Mrs. Emerson, "that I ever saw a place that offered such opportunities. Here it should be possible to have seclusion and exclusiveness."

"They demand pretty good prices," sighed Mrs. Hale.

"No wonder," commented Mrs. Emerson. "So many of my friends have been anxious to buy. But I hope you have secured a choice location."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Hale thoughtfully; "I have."

Mrs. Emerson's gaze wandered in the direction of the golf-links. "Because," she said, "it seems as if it would be almost necessary for us to be neighbors."

Mrs. Hale's heart gave a little flutter of joy.

"I have had so much trouble with Anthony about it."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Emerson, with sympathetic inquiry.

"Oh, yes," returned Mrs. Hale; "I can't understand his opposition to my plan, for he is usually very good about letting me have my own way. Why, he has even been urging me to come home for the last three or four weeks."

"Perhaps he misses you," suggested Mrs. Emerson.

"That seems hardly the plausible explanation," said Mrs. Hale, "because he suggested a European trip, and he never has objected to my staying at our place up in the woods as long as I wanted."

"Of Course, You Will Have to Give Up Society, and ——"

"Men are mystifying sometimes," commented Mrs. Emerson, "but a resourceful woman usually has her way. Of course, you finally convinced him."

"No-o," faltered Mrs. Hale, "not exactly. You see, I have my own bank-account, for house and family expenses, and I took the necessary money from that. It used it about all up," she added regretfully, "but he'll understand when I have a chance to explain to him personally, and then I'll get the money for building. I couldn't lose this opportunity."

"Of course not," Mrs. Emerson agreed.

Mrs. Hale was much strengthened by Mrs. Emerson's sympathetic comprehension; she was also much encouraged, not to say elated, on her son's account. Meeting the young man and Esther Emerson, as she was leaving, she gave him a significant nod, in consequence of which the couple immediately appeared before Mrs. Emerson on the porch. She seemed quite ready for them.

"Like a rustic love-scene in a play," she commented, as they stood in front of her, hand in hand

"It's a real one," declared the youth earnestly.

"Oh, very real!" said the maid.

"I've come to ask you ——" the youth began.

"You're a nice boy, Tom," Mrs. Emerson interrupted. "I hope you didn't think you were going to surprise me." And her smile was so reassuring that he squeezed the girl's hand in a most plebeian way.

"You're willing?" he exclaimed joyously.

"If you're both quite sure —— "

"I never was so sure of anything in my life!" cried the youth.

"I can't live without him!" echoed the maid.

"Not quite so demonstrative, please," cautioned Mrs. Emerson. "We are visible from the road, you know."

"I'll write to father at once," said Tom.

"I am writing to him on a little business matter," suggested Mrs. Emerson, smiling indulgently on the happy couple. "I'll mention the engagement to him, if you wish."

"Oh, yes, by all means!" urged Tom. "It is so thoughtful of you."

"Isn't it?" she asked, with something quizzical in her tone.

A check dropped out of the letter that came to Anthony Hale from Mrs. Emerson. He pushed it aside, and gave his attention to the letter.

"I am so grateful to you for your loan," Mrs. Emerson wrote, "and I am glad that I am able to repay it so soon. I am inclosing a check for ten thousand dollars. I suppose there is interest or something, but I don't know how to figure that. You'll have to tell me if there is anything more due. Please don't hesitate to do so, for I am financially very comfortable now.

"You see, I got all the land about here—I don't know just how—options or something, my real-estate man tells me. Anyhow, I got it, and everybody was so good about wanting to buy when they heard I was going to build. Well, I am. It's a fine place, and it's going to be really exclusive. Of course, I sold through third parties, but I own everything that's left, so I am a good deal interested.

"I don't know just what my profit is—five hundred to a thousand per cent., my real-estate man says; but I never did understand percentage. I used some of the money paid in to complete the purchase of the other land—sort of mysterious to me how I did so much without anything, but my real-estate man managed it, and very likely you'll understand. Anyhow, I've got a good deal of money and a lot of valuable property that didn't cost me anything.

"Perhaps the interest question may be neglected, as it has become something of a family affair. Tom and Esther, my younger daughter, have just been in to see me about a most momentous question. I have learned to think highly of your son, so I readily gave my consent to their betrothal. Daisy's engagement to Mr. Gage will be announced a little later."

Hale picked up the check, and almost tipped over the chair. It was his wife's check for ten thousand dollars, payable to a certain Silas Higgins, indorsed by Higgins to Clara Emerson, and indorsed by Mrs. Emerson to Anthony Hale.

"Oh, yes, she herded the geese all right," he said, with a grim, but amused, smile. "She has repaid me with my own money." He gazed abstractedly at the ceiling for a while. "I let her have it, and she's paid it back, and I'm still out ten thousand dollars, and she's ahead of the game something handsome," he mused. "I'll have to get an expert accountant to find out what's happened. But," he added, "I don't want to be on the outside when I have business with that kind of an impractical woman, and Esther seems to be a mighty nice girl. I don't believe I am called upon to do anything but smile."

Players: Past and Present

A Glimpse of a Beautiful Life

Mary Anderson

By WILLIAM WINTER

THE stage life of Mary Anderson was comparatively brief (1875-1889), but it was brilliant with achievement, and, in its honesty, sincerity, simplicity, radical worth and beneficent influence, it was beautiful. As I recall it, through a mist of years, it seems, in memory, a pleasant dream; for about the thought of it there is an atmosphere of gentle loveliness, affecting the mind like a strain of music heard at distance on a moonlit summer sea. It was not all tranquillity; it had its clouds of care—"the very source and fount of day," as the poet Tennyson has told us, is "dashed with wandering isles of night"—but it was right in motive, it was free from contention, it was devoid of reproach, it was guided and governed by a noble ambition, and its results were good. The remembrance of such a career naturally expresses itself in poetic imagery.

Mary Anderson

Mary Anderson made her first appearance on the stage, when she was only sixteen years old, at Barney Macauley's Theatre, in Louisville, Kentucky, November 25, 1875. She came out as Juliet. I did not see that performance, but my old friend, George F. Fuller, artist and theatrical manager (he died July 4, 1905, aged 85), who was present, told me that, notwithstanding the crudity inseparable from youth and inexperience, it was a performance of extraordinary force, feeling and promise. Its paramount beauty, he said, was its vocalism. Miss Anderson's voice, indeed, was always her predominant charm: certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and inexpressible melancholy—went straight to the heart, and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face; you can pad your person; you can wear a wig; you can walk in shoes that augment your height; you can, in various ways, change your body; but your voice will, sooner or later, reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impartments; but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory. The time had not yet come when she could, actually and absolutely, *embody* Juliet. It did come, and her success in that part was decisive and unequivocal. The most romantic and the most passionate Juliet of our epoch was that of Adelaide Neilson: the most essentially womanlike and artlessly tragical Juliet that our stage has known within the last fifty years was that of Mary Anderson. No other actress ever spoke as she did the abject, piteous, despairing question, in which Juliet's whole being is expressed:

> Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
> That sees into the bottom of my grief?

It always seemed to me that Miss Anderson was exceptionally fortunate in the splendid amplitude and freedom of her style. Most actors are constrained to give scrupulous attention to artistic method in acting. Some of them, in recent years, have favored the reading public with treatises on that subject, embodying precepts and rules. Miss Anderson was unfettered. I had the good fortune to see and study every one of her embodiments. She acted, during her thirteen years on the stage, Parthenia, in Ingomar; Bianca, in Fazio; Julia, in The Hunchback; Pauline, in The Lady of Lyons; Evadna, in the play of that name; Berthe, in Roland's Daughter; The Duchess of Torrenueva, in Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady; Galatea, in Pygmalion and Galatea; Clarice, in Tragedy and Comedy; The Countess, in Love; Meg Merrilies, in Guy Mannering; Ion, in the tragedy so called; Juliet; Rosalind; Desdemona (once only); Perdita and Hermione in The Winter's Tale; and Lady Macbeth. In each of those parts she gave an individual and potential impersonation; but I was always impressed, first and most of all, by the *inevitable* quality in her performances. She appeared to have grasped each character by intuition, to have entered bodily into it at once, and to be living it without conscious volition. Study she must have given to those characters, and the effect of art decidedly she produced, in the embodiment of them; but I always thought that "she builded better than she knew." Her acting was simple and graceful with the fluency of Nature. I have heard her call it "work," but it never seemed "work" to the spectator. There was, in particular, such a charm of spontaneity, simplicity and natural loveliness about her personation of Parthenia that nobody could resist its appeal. In the period before she went to London, to act at the Lyceum Theatre, she did me the honor to ask for my counsel as to the professional course which it would be wise for her to pursue in that city. I had already earnestly advised her to visit England—believing, and declaring, that she would derive both personal happiness and professional benefit from observation of the rural beauties and the venerable antiquities of that beautiful country, and from contact with its cultivated society; and, although she playfully deprecated my enthusiasm about the old land, she had made one English visit (1878), which she greatly enjoyed. The second visit (1883) was to be professional; and I begged her to promise that—no matter what opposition might be made to her plan—she would insist on beginning her London engagement with Parthenia. She was amused at the request, but she gave the promise—and, fortunately, she kept it.

Soon after her arrival in London she wrote to tell me that the play of Ingomar was not approved, and that she had been strongly urged to make her first appearance as Juliet. The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet had been produced at the London Lyceum, with great splendor, in 1882—Henry Irving appearing as Romeo, and Ellen Terry as Juliet. The fine scenery remained in the theatre, and all was in readiness for another fair Capulet. I answered by reminding the actress of her promise. To the eye of experience the peril of the situation seemed obvious. That great actress Ellen Terry was then the imperial favorite. Her performance of Juliet (she was, I remember, a marvel of personal beauty in that part) had been enthusiastically accepted. The dramatic press had indorsed it. The exclusive dramatic audience was of one mind in its favor. The advent of a young player from America, a stranger to the London public, would have proved a disastrous failure if it had been made with even the slightest appearance of a challenge to the reigning queen. Furthermore, the production of a Shakespearian tragedy always entails serious responsibility and hard labor upon the press. In dealing with the newspapers it is wise to provide an object of harmless attack. I felt sure that Mrs. Lovell's fanciful, romantic, old-fashioned play would draw all the critical fire, and that the new actress—superb in her beauty and winning in her childlike loveliness—would escape censure. The result justified that expectation. The play of Ingomar was, almost unanimously, condemned as either archaic or insipid or both, but the actress who, weighted with such a drama, could so touch the feelings and charm the fancy was found to be "alone the Arabian bird." Mary Anderson, in short, obtained a hearing and was accepted for herself; and from that hour her conquest of the British public was assured. She made a brilliant success as Galatea in the summer of 1884, and in the autumn of that year she aroused general enthusiasm by her acting of Juliet—a performance which, by that time, the foreign audience was willing to consider. It was not approved by all judges, but it elicited abundant commendation, and it gained for the adventurous young actress the valuable admiration of many powerful friends.

Mary Anderson, on the stage, had to make her way from comparative obscurity, and at the first, contrary to the common belief, her pathway was not one of roses. Artistically, however, she began "at the top"—where, as Daniel Webster said, there is always plenty of room. Genius and beauty can, sometimes, so begin, wisely and to advantage; but, in general, that course is not judicious. The beginner, in this case, acted on the advice of Charlotte Cushman, who perceived her natural endowments, and must have discerned in her an exceptional fitness for the dramatic profession. Just as Burns was born to write poetry, Mary Anderson was born to act. That fact the veteran actress divined; and though firm in the faith that, as she expressed it, "the art of sailing a ship cannot be learned by entering at the cabin window," she knew that there are exceptions to all rules. The origin of genius has not been ascertained. It happens—and that is all we know about it.

The antecedents of Mary Anderson afford no explanation of her proclivity for the stage. She was born in the Eagle Hotel, Sacramento, California, July 28, 1859. Her father, Charles H. Anderson, was a young Englishman who had come to America to seek his fortune. An old comrade of mine—Clifton W. Tayleure, actor, dramatic author and manager, long since dead and gone—told me that he knew him; that he served as an officer in the Confederate Army; and that he died early in the Civil War. His grave is in Magnolia Cemetery, at Mobile, Alabama. Her mother, Antonia Leugers, of Philadelphia, was a beautiful woman, of German descent, and of rigorous Catholic principles. Neither of her parents was theatrical. Her mother, after some time of widowhood, married Dr. Hamilton Griffin, of Louisville, Kentucky, where, for a time, Miss Anderson was an inmate of a Roman Catholic convent-school. She was reared in the Catholic faith, by Father Anthony Miller, a Franciscan priest, her mother's uncle—a man of extensive learning and exalted character. She left school before she was fourteen years of age. As a child she had seen some of the performances of Edwin Booth, which had touched her heart and fired her fancy. To such a degree, indeed, was she influenced by Booth's acting that she learned some of the parts she had seen him perform—Hamlet, Richelieu, Wolsey and Richard III—and acted them in private; and also she learned and acted Schiller's Joan of Arc. Her resolute purpose to become an actress (for, even in girlhood, she manifested exceptional strength of will) prevailed over the scruples of most of her pious relatives. Doctor Griffin, her stepfather, speaking to me of that period in her experience, said that her insistence was irresistible, and that, at last, he was constrained to go with her to the principal theatre of Louisville and ask for a trial of her talents. Then came her performance of Juliet. The verdict was favorable, and the manager, Macauley—specially incited thereto by an approving word from the tragedian John McCullough—gave to her a regular engagement, beginning January 20, 1876—from which time until the season of 1888-89 she was in continual practice of her profession. She first appeared in New York in 1877, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and thereafter she made annual tours of the country, and so laid the foundation of a brilliant renown. Her professional ventures in England ensued, and she became a favorite abroad as well as at home. Her acting was seen with delight in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in the provincial cities of England. On June 17, 1890, she was married to Mr. Antonio de Novarro, and since then she has dwelt in retirement, only occasionally emerging to read and to sing for the benefit of the poor of London. Her home is at Broadway, Worcestershire, England; and her friends are glad to know that she is—as she deserves to be—one of the happiest women in the world.

Fortunate in her choice of a career and fortunate in her management of it, Mary Anderson was especially fortunate in her retirement from public life at a time when her renown was at its height. To the stage, and to society—so continuously and deeply affected by the stage—her withdrawal was not simply a deprivation, it was a bereavement; for it greatly reduced the public store of innocent pleasure, and it greatly weakened the inspiring and ennobling influence of the acted drama. But her exertions had been great and continuous; as an heroic actress, she had reached the zenith of achievement; her health required relief from care; and she left the scene before the lights had begun to darken and while yet a time remained for the enjoyment of that life of the affections which is the chief blessing of our mortal state. She did not take a formal farewell of the theatre. Her last appearance occurred at Washington, in the spring of 1889, and the last part that she acted was Hermione. As a poet has written:

> She waned not as light from the landscape at even,
> As mist from the mountain or snow from the hill—
> But passed as a star from the azure of heaven,
> A flash from the cloud or a ray from the rill.

It is a sign of Mary Anderson's nobility that she attracted, and always kept, the esteem and affectionate regard of such noble natures as Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and Joseph Jefferson, among actors, and of Longfellow, Tennyson, Lord Lytton and Aubrey de Vere, among poets. Staunch and valued friends of hers also were Antoinette Sterling, the Earl of Pembroke,

At the Grave of Sarah Siddons

Professor Blackie, Alma-Tadema, Frank Millet and William Black. With Longfellow she was a special favorite, and she derived lasting benefit from his friendship and his counsel. No person, indeed, ever came near that exalted, benignant, gentle spirit without reason for special gratitude. Longfellow was the most authentic, comprehensive, sympathetic and important of the poets of America. His works, while expressing the better spirit of our country, are a voice of human nature and a comfort to human hearts; and they possess that perfection of form without which poetic expression is incomplete and ineffective. As a man he was the incarnation of charity, generosity, sweetness and grace; a man whom to know was to reverence, and the remembrance of whose character and example is a continual impulse to virtue. Nothing could better indicate the essential benignity of Longfellow's disposition than the remark he once made to Miss Anderson: "Never lose an opportunity of giving pleasure; it will make you happier and better."

It was my good fortune to begin my literary life (1854) under the personal influence of that rare poet, and, throughout a friendship of thirty years, I knew him well and loved him dearly. His death, which befell in 1882, was the occasion of some reminiscences and an elegy of mine—eliciting from Miss Anderson this graceful and tender recognition, which I venture to print because of its glimpse of a gentle woman and a great man:

My dear Mr. Winter: APRIL 13, 1882.

Thanks for your kind letter. Although it was a very long time coming, it was not the less welcome; and the Easter cards, which were very pretty, and the article and poem on Longfellow. I think the "memoir" one of the best things you have ever done. I cried as I read it, and think you must have cried as you wrote it. The poem I have hidden away with my few treasures, among which are several letters from Longfellow: I think it is exquisitely pathetic. How proud and happy the good man of whom you wrote would have been, could he have seen what sweet, kind things you have said of him! I spent a morning with him, at his request, just about four weeks before his death; and it was one of the happiest mornings of my life. I can see him yet—so plainly—as he stood at the window (he was too ill to hand me to the carriage, as he always had done), smiling, and kissing his hand, till a turn in the road hid him. The new-fallen snow and the bright sunlight made him look radiant as he stood there.

He had received from Cross the inkstand of Tom Moore, which pleased him very much. He spoke of your Trip to England. Try to come to see me this week, and I will tell you all about him then. . . . Don't forget. Good-by.

Your friend as ever,

MARY ANDERSON.

There is an order of mind, prevalent in all communities, that feels itself rebuked by the impact of intellectual character. That order of mind complained, of Miss Anderson's acting, that it was "cold." The truth is that beneath a calm exterior that actress veiled, without concealing, great tenderness of feeling, deep human sympathy, an impulsive temperament, exquisite sensibility and an almost perilous activity of poetic imagination. On some occasions, with intimate friends, she would yield to a mood of frolic—the mood that was so delicious in her embodiment of Perdita: she had a deep and quick sense of humor, and she heartily enjoyed mirth. In other moods she seemed withdrawn into herself: dark, lonely, and estranged from all human companionship. At such times she liked to walk alone, in solitary places; to muse in the hallowed churchyard of Stratford; to scale the summit of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh; to haunt the vaulted aisles of Canterbury; to face the storm, on the wind-swept cliffs of Brighton. The tremulous quality of her imagination and her acute sensibility to psychic influence were evinced in a description that she gave to me, eighteen years ago, of a singular experience in "a haunted room" at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, the country seat of the Earl of Lytton.

On one of many visits to her friend Lady Lytton, Miss Anderson was ushered to a room that was strange to her—the one that she had occupied on occasions of previous visits being in possession of another guest. It was a large red and gold room, hung with ancient tapestry, and, in a smaller room adjoining, with a door between them, was lodged her maid. An evening had been cheerfully passed, partly in the playing of a game devised to test the readiness of memory—given any letter of the alphabet, each player to write, within five minutes, as many as possible of distinguished names beginning with that letter. Thus there was no predisposing cause for dark imaginings or superstitious dread. The letter A had been proposed, and Miss Anderson had failed to think of many names beginning with it; but after she retired—in a great bed, with posts, canopy and curtains—she reflected on that game, and she then remembered several famous names beginning with A. The hour was about two o'clock A. M. There was a dim light in the room. Suddenly she grew icily cold and was greatly agitated with an inexplicable fear that caused violent beating of the heart. Then she heard a faint rustling, like the brushing of a garment against the tapestry, followed by a sound as of light footsteps. She tried to speak, but could only whisper her maid's name. That she whispered several times, but could not speak aloud or move. She saw nothing, but presently heard a deep, pathetic sigh, seemingly at the foot of the bed. The next moment she had a frightful sensation of being seized by the shoulders and held in a convulsive grasp. At that she gave a loud cry, and the seeming hands dropped away. The waiting-woman, pale with fear, instantly appeared at the door, holding a lighted candle, and asked, "Have you seen it, Miss?"—and then said that she had heard her mistress' first whisper, but could not stir, because "something was in the room" and "she was held to her bed." The two hastily dressed themselves, left the room, and sought refuge with the governess.

The next day, being told of these occurrences, Lord and Lady Lytton received the narrative with the smile of incredulity that, in the morning, customarily greets stories of preternatural environment over night. From the gravity with which the actress spoke, I derived the impression that she believed the visitation to have been that of a spirit. The experience interested me, because of the singular fact that two persons, in separate rooms, without any previous prompting to ghostly fancy, should have experienced, simultaneously, the same strange sensation of being held down by unseen hands. No explanation was ever made. If there was a story about the room, it was not mentioned; but it came to the knowledge of those interested that the servants at Knebworth—an ancient house, associated with Richard III, who is said to have lodged there—dreaded and avoided "the red and gold room," and that a venerable relative of the family, who knew the mansion well, had declined to occupy it. The room was the one in which that eccentric, weird being, old Lord Lytton, the novelist, died.

The most instructive remembrance that can be recorded of Mary Anderson as an actress is that she made her public appeal and reared the noble fabric of her fame on *acting*. Much is heard, in these days, about "producing syndicates," and much is heard about actors who are running up and down the earth in quest of "something new." Mary Anderson was aware of the truth that *great acting is always new*, and she was content to choose the great parts in old drama, and to act them in a superb manner. The example should not be disregarded. A good new play is always welcome; but the dramatic literature already existent abounds in opportunity for the actor, and the vital need of our stage is, not more plays, but more and better *acting*. The "business" of "producing" plays is, intrinsically, of no more importance to the public than the business of producing pickles. There is no greater infliction at this time than the everlasting, sickening announcement that "So-and-So presents." Such a woman as Sarah Siddons, such a man as Edmund Kean, would liberate and impel awakening, inspiring and ennobling forces that might soon change the whole complexion of the American theatre, so heavily burdened with mediocrity, so cruelly oppressed with the spirit of trade. One such blaze of elemental power as that which made Mary Anderson glorious in the frenzy of Bianca, one such burst of colossal emotion as that which makes Richard Mansfield imperial and splendid in the tent-scene of Richard III, is worth a whole hecatomb of the paltry, jack-straw, tailor-made plays that are turned out, every hour, from the perpetual trash-mill of this shopkeeping time.

One of the saddest accompaniments of human life is the decay of feeling. Nothing is ever forgotten; but, in the lapse of years, remembrance is no longer invested with the glow of emotion. I lately read the tribute of an old stager to the memory of Malibran. She must have been a wonder of loveliness and enchantment; but the superlatives—freely used—served only to reveal the effort of the veteran to awaken an enthusiasm that was dead. Sometimes, in poetry and in eloquence, the noble emotions that surge through the human heart are seized at their topmost height of passionate ardor, and saved in immortal words; but, mostly, our feelings break and subside, like the ineffectual

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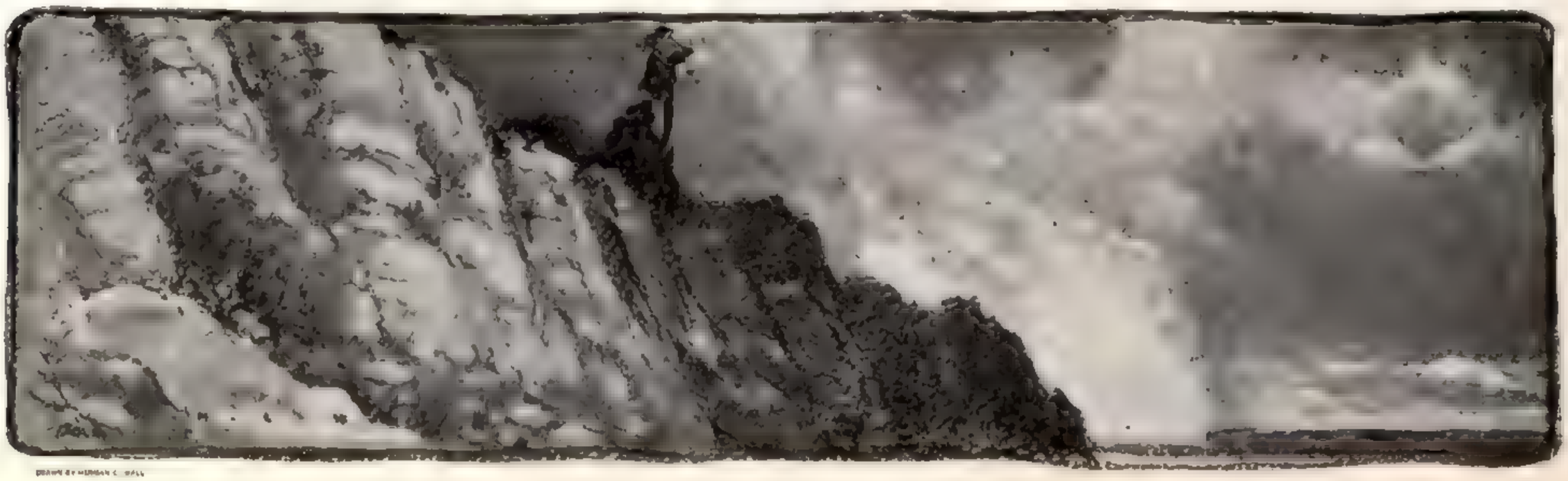


WHO'S WHO — AND WHY

Professor Shailer Mathews

The Professor-in-a-Hurry

ANY business man who regards himself as a 1000-kilowatt dynamo and who looks with envy and resentment at the placid, vegetable life of a university professor ought to ask Professor Shailer Mathews to let him spend a day or two with that scholar. At the end of such a period the business man will cease aspiring to be a vegetable. He will be quite content to be only a dynamo. There may have been a time when university professors paced contemplatively down the leafy aisles of their academic groves, gradually developing into supplementary botanical exhibits. But that time ended when Professor Shailer Mathews began

Of course, Professor Mathews is at the University of Chicago. No other rate of speed could keep him in exercise and prevent him from catching cold. At the University of Chicago the professors are expected to display the graces of repose (without which there can be no true culture) while at the same time hitting up a pace calculated to make George Cohan look like a pensive water-lily. And the curious thing about it is that they succeed Most of them can go about a hundred miles an hour without showing a flutter in the austere lines of their scholastic gowns.

Being in the University of Chicago, Professor Mathews naturally chose a department congenial to a man of his exuberant temperament. He is in the Divinity School—in fact, he is the Junior Dean of that school. And, besides being Junior Dean, he occupies a professorial chair. It is that of New Testament History. But a constant occupancy of one chair becomes tedious. In order to get the relief that comes from an occasional change of posture, Professor Mathews also occupies the chair of Systematic Theology.

A specimen year in the life of a modern theologian has lately elapsed. It was like this:

Courses and lectures as Professor of Systematic Theology. Courses and lectures as Professor of New Testament History. Tests, examinations, etc., in both departments. Original work, documentary research, etc., in both departments. Administrative duties as Junior Dean of the largest Divinity School in the United States. Editorship of the Biblical World (an overpowering publication which, to the layman, looks as if five men would be needed to edit it). The production of a book called Select Mediæval Documents, throwing rays of light on various events from about the year 800 to about the year 1250. A long jump forward, and then the production of another book on the French Revolution. A long recoil backward, and then the production of a third book called Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ.

This was a fair satisfactory year. Professor Mathews escaped censure at the hands of the management. Beginning with the birth of Christ, as treated in the Constructive Studies, coming down through the careers of Charlemagne and Frederick Barbarossa, as exhibited in the Select Mediæval Documents, and ending up with the exploits of Danton and Robespierre, as portrayed in the book on the French Revolution, Professor Mathews had covered at least eight of the nineteen centuries that constitute our era, while, as part of his contribution to the Twentieth Century, he had filled two professorial chairs, had edited a technical magazine and had performed the executive work of a Junior Dean.

While fitting himself for life at the University of Chicago, Professor Mathews naturally subjected himself to a great deal of training of a severe and varied character.

Immediately after being graduated from the theological courses at Newton, he went to Colby College and taught English and Elocution. He wanted to get away from divinity for a while and prevent himself from becoming one-sided. Pretty soon, in order to prevent himself from remaining merely three-sided, he gave a few courses in Anglo-Saxon, then a few in History and then a few more in Hebrew.

He was now almost a perfect prism. But he still needed to go to Germany. There, while studying under German scholars, he became deeply impressed with the importance of Political Economy. He believed that Political Economy was a valuable angle from which to approach Theology—and there is more truth than fancy in the idea that the way in which men earn their living has a profound effect on their religious conceptions. At any rate, on his return from Germany, Professor Mathews wrote a textbook of Political Economy. He says that when a man admires that book as much as he does he will find it to be admirably suited to the classroom.

After such a course of preliminary training, Professor Mathews did not have much difficulty in taking the pace of the University of Chicago even in its Divinity Department. After a few years, however, time began to hang heavy on his hands. His lectures, his administrative duties, his new books did not satisfy him. He pined for action. At last he found the appropriate field.

As a college professor, as a compiler of mediæval documents, as a Junior Dean in a Divinity School, what could be more logical than that he should become the managing editor of a modern, snappy news magazine? No sooner said than done, A magazine, of the monthly variety, was bought. Professor Mathews was provided with an editorial chair and he provided himself with a staff. Ever since that time he has been the editor of a frankly secular monthly as well as the assistant head of the religious department of a university. Every morning Professor Mathews teaches New Testament History, Systematic Theology and one thing and another out in the clear, quiet air of Hyde Park. Every afternoon he takes an Illinois Central express train down to the smoke and roar of the loop district, ascends to the eleventh floor of a high building, walks through a large room full of stenographers and clerks, seats himself in a little private office, takes a good look through the window at the reeking, steaming modernness of downtown Chicago, and gets to work on the next issue of a magazine which is devoted to the events of the current month.

In this way Professor Mathews keeps himself from getting into a rut.

As he sits in his magazine office, Professor Mathews would not be suspected, except in point of dignity, of being a professor of Systematic Theology. No night editor of a daily newspaper could display greater interest than Professor Mathews when some political convention in Nevada has been broken up through the accidental squeaking of a chair. No Sunday editor could display keener enthusiasm in picking out pictures to illustrate the shape of the bouquet that concealed the bomb that almost killed King Alphonso.

Divinity, as taught by Professor Mathews at the University of Chicago, is as broad as all life, ancient and modern. In his classes there are no barriers of creed or of sect. The students come from all denominations. Twenty-five to thirty different religious groups have been represented among them.

With the breaking down of the barriers between creeds, there is also a breaking down of the barriers between the purely religious and the purely secular. The restoration of religion to every-day industrial and political life is the object held in view by Professor Mathews. His English and his Elocution, therefore, his Hebrew and his Anglo-Saxon, his History and his Political Economy are all handmaids to that study of Divinity which in the Middle Ages used to be called the mistress of the sciences. It again becomes the mistress with Professor Mathews. And he brings in all the other sciences to serve it.

An Expensive Blow-Out

WHEN the late Andrew H. Green was at the head of the public works of New York, in the days before the Bronx was a part of the city, he was bothered by road contractors, who would requisition a large amount of gravel for the roads they were to keep in repair and put only a small part of the gravel on the roads. The practice was to requisition about a thousand loads, put on a hundred loads and get vouchers for the thousand and cash them, much to the profit of all concerned—except the city.

One day Green went on a tour of the Bronx. He knew a certain contractor had requisitioned a thousand loads of gravel for immediate use on a certain road two days before, and Green went up to look at the job.

He found the road as bare of gravel as an asphalt pavement. He returned to his office and summoned the contractor.

"You put a thousand loads of gravel on that road yesterday?" he inquired tentatively.

"Yes, sir," the contractor replied. "I put the whole thousand on, and spread it over the whole distance all shipshape."

"Now, see here!" shouted Green. "You are lying, and you know you are lying. I went up there to-day and looked that job over. There isn't any more gravel on that road than there is on this floor."

"Oh, Mr. Green!" protested the contractor. "How can you say such a thing? I put that gravel on there—honestly I did."

"Then why isn't it there now?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Green, the winds are very high up in that part of the country, and it must have blowed away."

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

When Hoke was Called

A REFORMED gambler, from Ohio, came to Washington when Hoke Smith was Secretary of the Interior, and told the late Harry Merrick, then the brilliant paragrapher on the Washington Post, that he wanted a job. He said he had forsaken all games of chance and wanted a chance to live an upright life.

Merrick knew Hoke Smith very well and took his reformed friend over to the Interior Department to see if he could get him a place. Smith was glad to see Merrick and welcomed his friend cordially.

Merrick stated the case.

Smith listened attentively and then said:

"I will do what I can for your friend, Mr. Merrick. I will look into the vacancies and see if I can place him. I would like to give him a place very much."

All this time the reformed gambler had been standing quietly, eying the Secretary. After Smith had finished he stepped forward and said:

"Now see here, Hoke, old boy. Tell me if this is right. If you kin give me a job, lemme know, but if you can't, lemme know, too, for I can't afford no time to be stayin' here in this sort of way dubbin' around on a dead card."

No Choice

REPRESENTATIVE JACOB BEIDLER, of Ohio, has a farmer constituent who was elected to the Ohio Legislature. He is a fine, honest old chap, with strict ideas as to right and wrong

During the session a bill of great interest to certain corporations came up. There were active lobbies for and against it.

One day a lobbyist called on the farmer and offered him a sum of money to vote for the bill.

"Go away!" shouted the farmer. "You can't corrupt me. I'll vote against the bill."

"But," replied the lobbyist, "if you will investigate, you will find that the other side is offering much more for votes against the bill than I am for it, and you will at once be under suspicion of having taken money from them."

"What can I do?" asked the perplexed farmer.

"I suggest that you stay away and do not vote at all."

The farmer stayed away. Next day the lobbyist met him and handed him five hundred dollars.

"What's this for?" roared the farmer.

"That's for staying away and not voting on that bill I was speaking to you about."

The farmer sank limply in his chair.

"Great Heavens!" he said. "Ain't there no way a man can be honest?"

In Alien New York

FORMER DELEGATE B. S. RODEY, of New Mexico, who has been appointed a judge by the President, was one of the most ardent advocates of Statehood for New Mexico.

He fought long and well. A few days before he left Congress, he was bewailing his sad fate.

"It seems to me," he said, "that the American people, or half of them, do not care anything about New Mexico, with her marvelous resources, and that the other half do not know where the Territory is.

"A friend of mine went to New York to buy some goods. He entered a big wholesale house and said he wanted to get some stuff for shipment to New Mexico.

"Without looking up from his work, the man he accosted said:

"'Export department on the second floor.'"

It Pays to be Amiable

A YOUNG man in the neckwear department of Marshall Field & Co., who had been with the firm but a short time, was one day waiting on a customer who seemed to be unusually hard to please. The would-be purchaser, who was a handsome, elderly man, tossed the ties about and seemed to desire any shade and style save those offered for his approval. The salesman patiently displayed a varied assortment of the goods, deftly knotting the ties and holding them out to show the effect and the shimmer of the satin or the silk, searching through boxes for the desired colors, and, in spite of the somewhat captious manner of the customer, never for a moment lost his smiling good-nature. Finally a half-dozen ties were selected, and, with waiting pencil, the clerk asked the usual question:

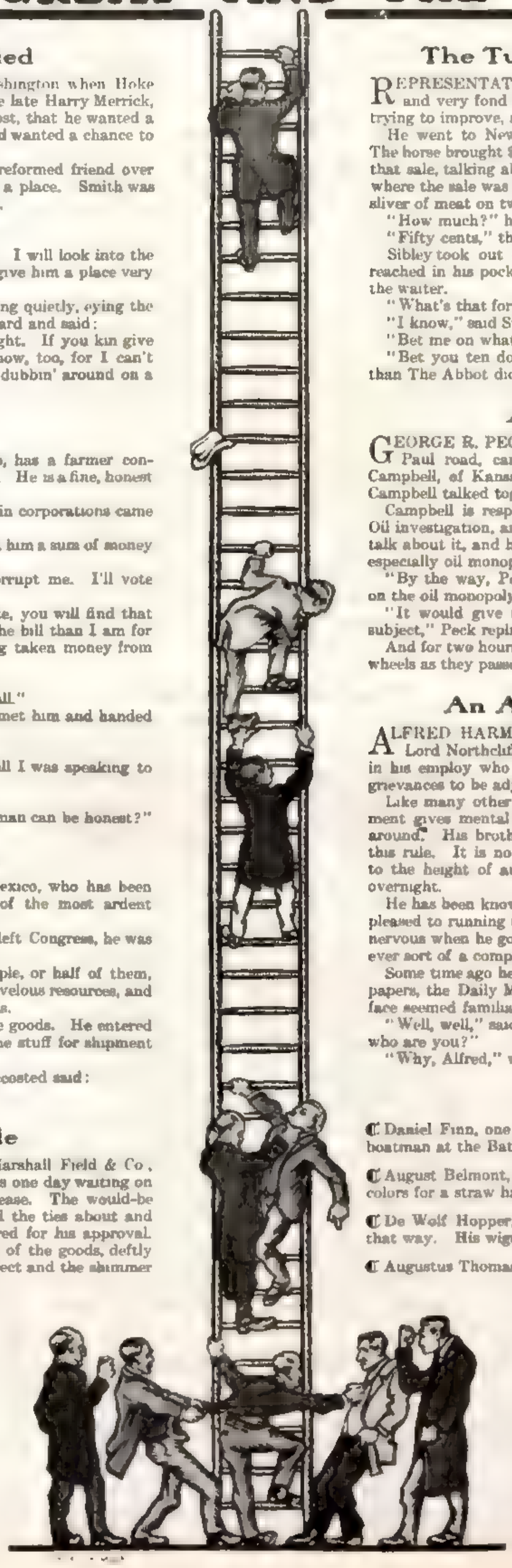
"Cash or charge?"

"Charge," replied the gray-haired man.

"What name, please?"

"Marshall Field."

The new salesman almost gasped with astonishment, and he probably does not know to this day that his subsequent promotion was owing to his sincere politeness and patient endeavor to serve his employer and to please his customer, who, of course, in this case proved to be one and the same person.



The Turkey that Beat The Abbot

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH SIBLEY, of Pennsylvania, is very rich and very fond of horses. He has a stock farm that he is constantly trying to improve, and attends many of the horse-sales.

He went to New York when the great stallion, The Abbot, was sold The horse brought $25,000. Sibley waited at the ring-side for a time after that sale, talking about it, and then went to a lunch-counter in the building where the sale was conducted and ordered a turkey sandwich. He got a sliver of meat on two very thin pieces of bread.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," the waiter replied.

Sibley took out a half-dollar and handed it to the waiter. Then he reached in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar bill. He held that out to the waiter.

"What's that for?" asked the waiter. "You have paid already."

"I know," said Sibley, "but now I want to bet you."

"Bet me on what?"

"Bet you ten dollars that if you sell all of that turkey it will bring more than The Abbot did."

A Farewell Utterance

GEORGE R. PECK, general counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, came East a few days ago with Representative Philip Campbell, of Kansas. Peck used to live in Kansas himself, and he and Campbell talked together a good deal.

Campbell is responsible, in a measure, for the Government's Standard Oil investigation, and particularly for the Kansas end of it. He likes to talk about it, and he bored Peck stiff with observations on monopoly, and especially oil monopoly.

"By the way, Peck," he said, "I wish you would read my last speech on the oil monopoly."

"It would give me great pleasure to read your last speech on that subject," Peck replied.

And for two hours thereafter nothing was heard but the chug-chug of the wheels as they passed over the breaks in the rails.

An Acquaintance by Marriage

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the great London publisher, who is now Lord Northcliffe, is constantly pestered, when he is at home, by people in his employ who want increases in salaries or positions or who have grievances to be adjusted.

Like many other great publishers, Harmsworth thinks varied employment gives mental acuteness, and he has a habit of shifting his people around. His brothers, all of whom work for him, are not exempt from this rule. It is nothing surprising for a Harmsworth editor to be lifted to the height of authority or depressed to the depths of subordination overnight.

He has been known to put employees with whom he was especially displeased to running the elevators. For this reason, Harmsworth is always nervous when he goes into an elevator, for he cannot get away from whatever sort of a complaint the elevator conductor may choose to make.

Some time ago he darted into the elevator in the office of one of his newspapers, the Daily Mail. He saw a young fellow at the controller, whose face seemed familiar, and who was evidently preparing to say something.

"Well, well," said Harmsworth, hurrying to forestall the youth, "and who are you?"

"Why, Alfred," was the reply, "I am your youngest brother."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Daniel Finn, one of the police magistrates in New York, used to be a boatman at the Battery.

¶ August Belmont, the traction magnate of New York, wears his racing colors for a straw hat band.

¶ De Wolf Hopper, the actor, is hairless as a china egg. He was born that way. His wigs are masterpieces.

¶ Augustus Thomas is a political spellbinder as well as a playwright. He delights to make campaign speeches. He was born in Missouri and is a fervent Democrat.

¶ Alton B. Parker, the Democratic nominee for President in 1904, is industriously practicing law in New York and paying no attention to politics, except in an oracular way.

¶ Robert B. Armstrong, president of the American Casualty Company, is only thirty-four years old. He was a reporter and then became an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

¶ Levi P. Morton, former Vice-President of the United States, is over eighty years old, but still as spry and active as he was thirty years ago. He gives close attention to his great financial affairs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906

Some Wonders of Science

SCIENCE is wonderful; and doesn't half know it. By far its greatest wonders appear, before it has dreamed of them, in the unscientific press. In a lay discussion of science, therefore, you can never be just sure that you are not some centuries ahead of science itself. Yet it is not characteristic of science to remain exactly tongue-tied over its achievements. For instance, you may have thought that this thing or that -the moral revolution in the United States or the war in the East—made the time notable. But the president of a British scientific association opines that the supreme distinction of the day arises from the circumstance that it is the one in which radium was discovered. This is, perhaps, an important thought. Detach your mind from ephemeral worries about your job and the rent and whether the boss is going to win the pending local election. Contemplate the fact that the solar system may endure a hundred million years longer than anybody supposed it would before radium was understood. Then you will see it is a blessing to live now rather than a generation ago, when, for all you could know, the sun would be going out like a burned candle in only a few million years.

If you are an earthy soul and require sustenance of a more material nature, turn to the deliberations of several eminent surgeons who propose to correct moral and mental defects of children by the exercise of their art. An imagination so low that it is not susceptible to radio-activity may yet rise to comprehend the advantages of amputating vice and stupidity. Perhaps the emotion of hope thereby set up would be rather more powerful if surgery were a bit more positive than it is that it can cure corns—that the results which are desired would always follow even the simplest of operations; just as the most advanced triumphs of medicine, welcome as they are, would be still more encouraging if so much of the oldest ground were not pretty nearly as much a matter of guess and luck as ever. One gratefully and cheerfully acknowledges a large debt to science—but doesn't like to see the account padded under his very eyes.

As Russians See It

THE disappointment of Russian Liberals over the comparative apathy of the people of the United States in lending them material assistance arises from a very natural misconception. There are no Cossacks over here, no grand dukes, no censorship. There is a Constitution, universal suffrage, representative government, perfect political freedom; moreover a degree of general physical well-being heretofore, in all probability, unknown in the world. A Russian may well wonder why so fortunate a people are not aroused to help his countrymen struggle for the most elementary rights—not understanding that, in spite of our immensely better position as compared with them, we are still pretty full of our own troubles; that we find tyranny here, and are about as hot against it in its urbane, democratic, sack-coated, politico-financial guise as they are against their aristocratic and homicidal bureaucracy.

The Douma, in dissolving, called upon the people not to pay taxes which would be used for the patriotic purpose of cutting their own throats, nor to sanction a foreign loan to pay Cossacks to shoot them. To us this seems so very reasonable a proposition that it is difficult to understand how any people could fail to adopt it. The idea of supporting a Romanoff government is merely monstrous and incredible to us. Fifty years hence the idea of certain conditions of politics and business which obtained among us almost unquestioned only yesterday will seem equally monstrous and incredible. When the Russians achieve elementary political freedom, which now looks to them like the end of desire, they will find they have still many wrongs to deal with. It is, of course, much better, on the whole, to have a corporation bribe your representative in the legislature, or to be tricked out of your business by a trust, than it is to be sent to Siberia for disparaging a duke, or to be shot for presenting a petition to the head of the state. Also, on the whole, destroying a political tyranny makes any business or economic tyranny look all the more obnoxious. The fight for complete and perfect liberty goes on.

Zola the Poet

AT LAST Zola has his day: he has been buried in the great Pantheon from which all those "Immortals" that refused him membership in the Academy will be forever excluded. This triumph is accorded him, however, not because he was a great novelist, the founder of a new "school," with revolutionary ideas about literary art for which he fought hard the best part of his life. Zola thought that he was a tremendous realist, the first real one the world has ever seen, the first writer to paint life as it actually is without any distortion, any varnish. He was the originator of the "document" method, which has influenced many modern story-tellers. Yet in spite of all his "documents," and his scientific theories, he never succeeded in giving the illusion of real life to any of his stories. Nobody thinks nowadays that the colossal pictures of the Rougon-Macquart books, full of dirt and dreary detail, are as a whole anything like the experience of life known to any human being. The facts may be correct, but the mixing of them was somehow wrong. No! Zola was a great poet, partly mad. His big books are epic poems about life, the good and the evil of it, chiefly the evil. They contain great conceptions, great pictures, terrible pictures: but they never compete with life itself. And Zola the man was anything but the cool-headed scientist he thought himself to be; he was the emotional dreamer, the man who could feel the shame of the Dreyfus crime, who had the courage to defy a whole nation wrought to a mad fury. It is the soul that could cry, "*J'accuse!*" that has been honored by a burial among the national heroes of France.

Inharmonious Harmony

A WORLD ruled entirely by clear reason would be a pleasant place—provided it was our own reason that prevailed. We are moved to this reflection by noticing that, as usual, the most laudable attempts to secure political harmony are achieving their end only after one faction or the other has been soundly whipped. The first word from Mr. Bryan that admits his chieftainship of the Democratic party is a call for harmony—which, he eloquently urges, may be most expeditiously and completely secured if the national committeeman to whom the word is addressed will instantly resign his office, thereby tacitly confessing that, as Mr. Bryan alleges, he secured the position by fraud and is not a fit person for honest Democrats to associate with. The Nebraskan adds that his personal relations with the committeeman have been kindly. This enables him to say, without the imputation of personal malice, that his presence on the committee is disgraceful, and to point out that he has it in his power to render his party a distinguished service—by promptly kicking himself downstairs and thereby relieving his beloved fellow-Democrats from the painful necessity of performing that office for him—as Mr. Bryan requests them to do in case the committeeman prove obdurate to candid, gentle persuasion.

The committeeman himself is reasonable enough; but all the reasons he can see prompt him to decline his chief's invitation; and he even suspects that Mr. Bryan's otherwise open and impartial mind has been poisoned against him because he is an Irishman. He cannot, as a faithful Democrat, promote the introduction of bigoted race-prejudices into the party policies. On the whole, the situation is far less harmonious than it was before—notwithstanding the good faith of both sides.

We have noticed, with much regret, that a call for harmony in politics is almost always promptly followed by a call for the police. The olive-branch seems to be prickler than the thistle.

The Vanishing Balance

DEALING with economic statistics will sometimes produce satisfactory results, if one goes at it painstakingly enough. For example, the grand statistical mystery of the balance of trade seems, at length, fairly to have been solved. In the last five fiscal years our exports have exceeded our imports (including gold and silver) in the tidy sum of $2,328,000,000. After all allowance for interest and freights paid abroad and money spent by traveling Americans, there remains at least a thousand million dollars which Europe must still owe us, according to the face of the returns. But, as a matter of fact, Europe doesn't owe us anything.

On the contrary, we owe her. What has become of this missing billion dollars or so? Could some one have mislaid it in an absent-minded moment? Did Mr. Rogers, perhaps, find it at large and benevolently assimilate it? Statistical economists have long puzzled over this problem. The more advanced among them are now coming to a reassuring conclusion that the thousand million has not been lost at all—for the simple reason that it never existed.

Everything shipped out of the country is recorded at the customs-houses, with a sworn statement of its value "according to the actual cost thereof, or the value which it truly bears in this port at this time." Exporters, therefore, commonly give the full home-market price of the goods; but the prices that the goods actually fetch when sold abroad may be quite another matter. One expert ventures the opinion that the price shown in the customs-house manifest averages twenty-five per cent. above the price at which the goods are actually sold—which is a rather suggestive contribution to our too scanty stock of knowledge concerning the effect of the tariff in enabling the foreign consumer to buy our goods cheaper than we can buy them at home.

If this opinion is correct, our exported manufactured goods last year actually brought $150,000,000 less than the figure reported by the Treasury Department—which helps considerably in explaining what becomes of the balance of trade. Not infrequently we find our way out of a deep statistical difficulty by discovering that the statistics are all wrong.

A Trust that Has to Be

TO HATE a trust is a very natural human emotion, for a trust, if it is a success, must act with a certain arbitrariness. The fire-insurance trust, especially just now when it is advancing rates, experiences its share of this natural mental bias; yet the fact seems to be that it can neither save itself from being a trust nor avoid raising rates, and there is an element of unfairness in denouncing, because they are trusts, those several businesses which have to be trusts to succeed at all.

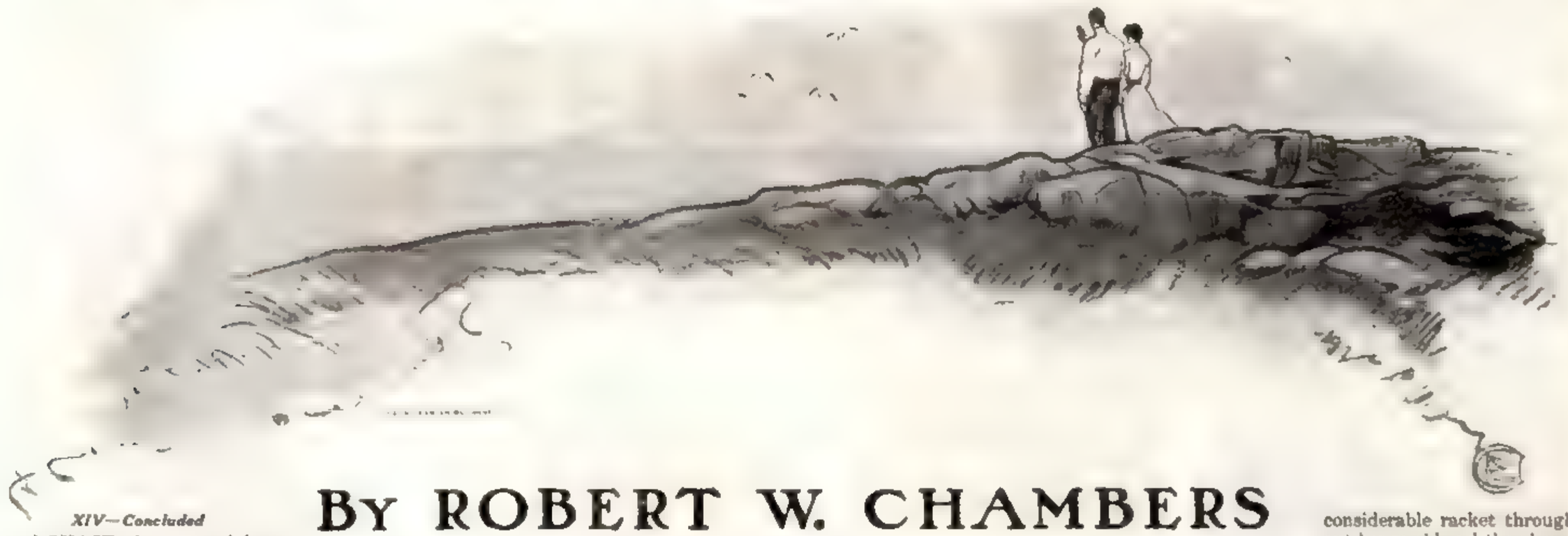
The effort in modern business is to eliminate hazard. Hence the fire-insurance company. But the fire-insurance business itself is completely at the mercy of hazard. Possibly there is a law of averages in fire losses; but human experience so far has given no clew to it. San Francisco's insurance record has been excellent; yet the losses there in two days exceeded all the losses in the country in 1905, and wiped out fifty-five per cent. of the companies' available funds. The great Chicago fire of 1871 was followed next year by a great Boston fire. If the companies were not in a trust—if they subjected themselves to the drains of competition by permitting agents to cut rates—they would not be strong enough to withstand these extraordinary shocks when they befall. They advanced rates in New York and Philadelphia on account of the San Francisco losses; but New York and Philadelphia may, next year, need to draw upon premiums collected in San Francisco to meet extraordinary losses of their own. In short, despite all the common-law theories of the legislators, it seems plain that if this business were not a trust it wouldn't be much good to anybody. Accepting this conclusion may be unpalatable politically, but plenty of good medicine tastes bad.

"Academic"

AS A FAVORITE term of reproach it would be hard to beat the word "academic." When an American wishes to settle his antagonist with a sneer, he accuses him or his ideas of being "academic": he means by this unpractical, foolish, womanish, beneath the attention of a real man. Thus "academic" is the final word from our practical statesmen when any measure designed merely for the public good is under discussion. Rate-regulation was academic until the people of the country made the Senate see a great light. Until very recently the pure food movement had been entirely "academic" for ten years, and may become so again at any moment. For a generation or more, civil service reform was purely "academic"—a pleasant pastime in ideals.

It is odd that, in a country which makes such prodigious efforts for education, the worst term of contempt should denote that quality which education is supposed to give—the quality of disinterested and impersonal inquiry into truth. It would seem to prove that, in spite of all the money we spend on schools and colleges, as a people we have no earthly use for education. We are afraid of "theories" and "ideals." Although a few of our university presidents command a tolerant respect when they speak in public, a college professor was never known to sit in Congress—unlike the state of things in every European country, not excepting the Russian Douma. The American attitude is that a college professor, or any person in the profession of education, thereby shows his unfitness for men's affairs. Instead of the cap and gown he should wear petticoats as the badge of his estate.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE



XIV—Concluded

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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AGHAST, they turned in the darkness, peering toward the lighted space beyond. Leroy Mortimer, his face shockingly congested, stood unsteadily balancing there, confronting his wife, who sat staring at him in horror. At the same instant Plank rose and laid a hand on Mortimer's shoulder, but Mortimer shook him off with a warning oath.

"You and I will settle with each other to-morrow!" he said thickly, pointing a puffy finger at Plank. "You'll find me at the Algonquin Trust. Do you hear? That's where you'll settle this matter—in the president's office!" He stood swaying and leering at Plank, repeating loudly: "In Quarrier's office! Understand? That's where you'll settle up! See?"

Leila, white face quivering, shrank as though he had struck her, and he turned on her again, grinning: "As for you, you come home! And that'll be about all for yours."

"Are you insane, to make a scene like this?" whispered Plank.

But Mortimer swung on him insultingly:

"That's about all from you, too!" he said. "Leila, are you coming?"

He stepped heavily toward her; but Plank's sudden crushing grip was on his fat arm above the elbow, and he emitted a roar of surprise and pain.

"Don't touch him! Don't, in Heaven's name!" stammered Leila, as Plank, releasing him, stepped back beside her chair. "Can't you see that I must go with him! I—I must go." She cast one terrified glance around her, where scores of strange faces met hers; and at every table people were standing up to see better.

Plank, who had dropped Mortimer's arm as the latter emitted his bellow of amazement, stepped toward him again, dropping his voice as he spoke:

"You go! Do you hear?" he said quietly. "I'll do what you ask me, to-morrow! I will do what you ask, if you'll go *now!*"

"*You* come—do you hear!" snarled Mortimer, turning on his wife, who had already risen. "If you don't I'll make a row here that you'll never hear the end of as long as you live! And there'll be nothing to talk over in Quarrier's office, if I do."

Leila looked at Plank, rose, and moved swiftly toward the veranda steps, her head resolutely lowered, the burning shame flaming in her face. Mortimer cast one triumphant glance at Plank, then waddled unsteadily after his wife.

"Hold on," he growled; "I've a car here! I'll drive you back—wait! Here it is! Here we are!" And to Quarrier's machinist he said: "You get into the tonneau. I want to show Mrs. Mortimer what night-driving is. Do you hear? I tell you I'm going to drive this machine and show you how!"

Leila scarcely heard him. She obeyed the impulse of his hand on her arm, and mounted to the seat, staring straight ahead of her with dazed and straining eyes that saw nothing.

Then Mortimer clambered to his seat, and, without an instant's warning, opened up and seized the wheel.

Unprepared, the machinist attempted to swing aboard, missed his footing in the uncertain light, and fell sprawling on the gravel. Plank saw him from the veranda and instantly vaulted the rail to the lawn below.

"You fool!" yelled Mortimer, looking around, "what do you think you'll do?" And he clapped on full speed as Plank made a leap for the car and missed.

Mortimer laughed, and turned his head to look back, and the next instant something seemed to wrench the steering-wheel from its roots. There was a blinding glare of light, a scream, and the great machine bounded into the air full length, turned completely over, and lay across a flower-bed partly on one side.

Something was afire, too. Men were rushing from the verandas, women screamed and stood up wringing their hands; a mounted policeman came galloping through the darkness; people shouted: "Throw sand on it! Get shovels, for God's sake! Lift that tonneau! There's a woman under it."

But they were mistaken, for Leila lay at the foot of the slope, one little bloody hand clutching the dead grass; and Plank knelt beside her, giving his orders quietly to those who came running down the hill from the roadway above, which was now fiercely illuminated by burning gasoline. At last they got sand enough to quench the fire and men sufficient to lift the weight from the dead man's neck and drag what was left of him on to the grass.

"Don't look," whispered Siward, drawing Sylvia back.

He and she both had put their shoulders to the tonneau along with the others; and now they stood there together in the shifting lantern-light, sickened, shivering under the summer stars, staring at the gathering crowd around that shapeless lump on the grass.

Plank passed them, walking beside an improvised stretcher, calm, almost smiling, as Sylvia sprang forward with a little sob of inquiry.

"There's the doctor, over there; that man is a doctor; *he* knows," repeated Plank with studied deliberation, looking down at Leila's deathly face. "He says it's all right; he says he'll get a candle, and that he can tell by the flame's effect on the pupils of the eyes what exactly is the matter. No"—to Siward beside him, pressing forward through the crowd which eddied from the dead man to the stretcher—"No, there is not a bone broken. She is stunned, that's all; she fell in the shrubbery. We'll have an ambulance here pretty quick. Stephen," using his first name unconsciously, "won't you look out for Sylvia? I'm going back on the ambulance. If you'll find somebody to drive my machine, I wish you would take Sylvia back. No, I don't want you to drive, Stephen—if you don't mind. Get that machinist, please. I'm rattled, and I don't want you to drive."

Leila lay on the stretcher, her bloodless face upturned to the stars. Beyond, under a blanket, something else lay very still on the lawn.

Plank beckoned a policeman and whispered to him.

Then far away in the darkness, a distant clamor grew on the night air, nearer, nearer.

Plank, standing beside the stretcher, raised his head, listening to the ambulance arriving at full speed.

XV

IN SEPTEMBER, her marriage to Siward excitingly imminent, Sylvia had been seized with a passion for wholesale and rigid self-chastisement. All that had been so materially desirable to her life, all that she had heretofore worshiped, in and belonging to her own world, she now denied. Down went the miniature golden calf from the altar in her private shrine, its tiny, crashing fall making considerable racket throughout her world and the planets and satellites adjacent to that section of the social system which she had long been expected to dominate.

The spectacle of their youthful ruler-elect in sackcloth as the future bride of a business man had more than disconcerted them. The amazing announcement of Quarrier's engagement to Agatha Caithness stupefied the elect, rendering in one harrowing instant null and void the thousand petty plans and plots, intrigues and schemes, upon which future social constructions had been based.

The grief and amazement of Major Belwether, already distracted by his non-participation, through his own fault, in Plank's consolidation of Amalgamated with Inter-County, was pitiable to the verge of the unpleasant. Like panic-stricken rabbits, his thoughts ran in circles, and he skipped in their wake, scurrying from Quarrier to Harrington, from Harrington to Plank, from Plank to Siward, in distracted hope of recovering his equilibrium and squatting safely somewhere in somebody's luxuriantly perpetual cabbage-patch. He even squeezed under the fence and hopped humbly about old Peter Caithness, who suddenly assumed monumental proportions among those who had so long tolerated him.

But Quarrier coldly drove him away, and the increasing crowds besieging poor, bewildered old Peter Caithness trod upon the Major, and there was nothing for him to do but to scuttle back to his own brush-heap and huddle there, squeaking pitifully.

As for Grace Ferrall, she lost no time in tears, but took Agatha publicly to her bosom, turned furiously on Quarrier in private, and for the first time in her life permitted herself the luxury of telling him exactly what she thought of him.

"You had your chance," she said, "but you are all surface! There's nothing to you but soft beard and manicuring, and the reticence of stupidity! The *one* girl for you—and you couldn't hold on to her! The one chance of your life—and it's escaped you, leaving a tuft of pompadour hair and a pair of woman's eyes protruding from the golden dust-heap your father buried you in. Now you'd better sit there and let it cover your mouth, and try to breathe through your nose. Agatha is looking for a new sensation; she's tried everything, now she's going to try you, that's all. She will be an invaluable leader, Howard, and we shall not yawn, I assure you. But, oh! the chance you've lost, for lack of a drop of red blood, and a barber to give you the beard of a man!"

Which merely deepened the fear and hatred which Quarrier had entertained for his pretty cousin from the depths of his silk-wadded cradle. As for Kemp Ferrall, now third vice-president of Inter-County, he only laughed with the tolerance of a man in safety; and, looking at Quarrier through the pickets of the financial fence, not only forgot how close his escape had been, but, being a busy and progressive young man, began to consider how he might ultimately extract a little profit from the expensive tenant of the inclosure.

Grace made the journey to town to express herself freely for Sylvia's benefit; but when she saw Sylvia, the girl's radiant beauty checked her abruptly, and all she could say was:

"My dear! my dear, I knew you would do it! I knew you would fling him on his head. It's in your blood, you little jade! You little jilt! You minx of a baggage! I knew you'd behave like all the women of your race!"

Sylvia held Mrs. Ferrall's pretty face impressively between both her hands.

"Oh," said Mrs. Ferrall, "I'll never meddle again—and the entire world may marry and take the consequences!" Then she drove to the Santa Regina, where Marion was to join her in her return to Shotover; and she was already trying to make up her distur'bed mind as to which might prove the more suitable for Marion—Captain Voucher, gloomily recovering from his defeat by Quarrier, or Billy Fleetwood, who didn't want to marry anybody.

In the meanwhile, Siward's new duties as second vice-president of Inter-County had given him scant leisure for open-air convalescence. He was busy with Plank, he was also busy with the private investigation stirred up at the Patroons' Club and the Lenox, and which was slowly but inevitably resulting in clearing him, so that his restoration to good standing and full membership remained now only a matter of formal procedure.

So Siward was becoming a very busy man among men; and Plank, still carrying on his broad shoulders burdens unbearable by any man save such a man as he, shook his heavy head, and ordered Siward into the open. And Siward, who had learned to obey, obeyed.

But September had nearly ended, when Leila, in Plank's private car, attended by Siward and Sylvia and two trained nurses, arrived at the Fells. The nurses—Plank's idea—were a surprise to Leila; and the day after her arrival at the Fells she dismissed them, got out of bed, and dressed and came downstairs all alone, on a pair of sound, though faltering, legs.

Sylvia and Siward were in the music-room, very busily figuring out the probable cost of a house in that section of the city east of Park Avenue, where the newly-married imprudent are forming colonies—a just punishment for those reckless brides who marry for love, and are obliged to drive over two car-tracks to reach their wealthy friends and relatives of the Golden Zone.

And Leila, in her pretty invalid's gown of lace, stood silently at the music-room door, watching them. Her thick, dark hair was braided, and looped up under a black bow behind; and she looked like a curious and impertinent schoolgirl peeping at them there through the crack of the door, bending forward, her joined hands flattened between her knees.

"Oh," she said at length, in a frankly disappointed voice, "is *that* all you do when your chaperon is abed?"

"Angel!" cried Sylvia, springing up, "how in the world did you ever manage to come downstairs?"

"On the usual number of feet. If you think it's very gay up there——" She laid her hands in Sylvia's, and looked at Siward with all the old mockery in her eyes—eyes which slanted a little at the corners, Japanese-wise: "Stephen, you are growing positively plump. You'd better not do that until Sylvia marries you. Look at him, dear? He's getting all smooth in the cheeks, like a horrid undergraduate boy!"

She released one hand and greeted Siward. "Thank you," she said serenely, replying to his inquiry. "I am perfectly well. You pay me no compliment when you ask me, after you have seen me." And to Sylvia, looking at her white flannels: "What have you been playing? What do you find to do with yourself, Sylvia, with that plump, sunburned boy at your heels all day long? Are there no men about?"

"One's coming to-day," said Sylvia, laughing; and slipping her arm around Leila's waist she strolled with her out through the tall glass doors to the terrace, with a backward glance of airy dismissal for Siward.

Plank had wired from New York, the night before, that he was coming, in another hour he would be there. Leila knew it perfectly well, and she looked into the wickedly expressive young face of the girl beside her, eyes soft but unsmiling.

"Child, child," she murmured, "you do not know how much of a man a man can be!"

"Yes, I do!" said Sylvia hotly.

Leila smiled. "Hush, you little silly! I've talked Stephen and praised Stephen to you for days and days, and the moment I dare mention another man you fly at me, hair on end!"

"Oh, Leila I know it! I'm perfectly mad about him, that's all. But *don't* you think he is looking like himself again? And, Leila, isn't he strangely attractive? I don't mean just because I happen to be in love with him—but give me a perfectly cold and unbiased opinion, dear, because there is simply no use in a girl's blinding herself to facts, or in ignoring certain fixed laws of symmetry, which it is perfectly obvious that Mr. Siward fulfills in those well-known and established proportions which——"

"Sylvia!"

"What?" she asked, startled.

"Nothing. Only for two solid weeks——"

"Of course, if you are not interested——"

"But I am, child—I am!—desperately interested! He *is* handsome! I knew him before you did, and I thought so then!"

"Did you?" said Sylvia, troubled.

"Yes, I did. When I wore short skirts I kissed him, too!"

"Did you? W-what did *he* wear?"

"Knickerbockers, silly! You don't think he was still in the cradle, do you? I'm not so aged as *that!*"

"I missed a great deal in my childhood," said Sylvia naïvely.

"By not knowing Stephen? Pooh! He used to pinch me, and then we'd put out our tongues in mutual derision. Once——"

"Stop!" said Sylvia faintly. "And anyhow, you probably taught him. . . . Look at him as he saunters across the lawn, Leila—*look* at him!"

"Well? I see him."

"*Isn't* he almost an ideal?"

"He *is*. He certainly is, dear."

"Do you think he walks as though he were perfectly well?"

"Well, I don't know," said Leila thoughtfully. "Sometimes people whose walk is a gracefully languid saunter develop adipose tissue after forty."

"Nonsense! Really, Leila, do you think he walks like a perfectly well man?"

"He *may* be coming down with whooping-cough——"

Sylvia rose indignantly, but Leila pulled her back to the sun-warmed marble bench:

"A girl in love loses her sense of humor temporarily. Sit down, you little vixen!"

"Leila, you laugh at everything when I don't feel like it."

"I'm not in love, and *that's* why."

"You *are* in love!"

Leila looked at her, then under her breath: "In love, am I—with the whole young world ringing with the laughter I had forgotten the very sound of? Do you call that love?—with the sea and sky laughing back at me, and the wind in my ears fairly tremulous with laughter? Do *you*, who look out upon the pretty world so seriously through those sea-blue eyes of yours, think that *I* can be in love?"

"Oh, Leila, a girl's happiness is serious enough, isn't it? Dear, it frightens me! I was so close to losing it—once."

"I lost mine," said Leila, closing her eyes for a moment. "I shall not sigh if I find it again."

They sat there in the sun, Leila's hand lying idly in Sylvia's, the soft sea-wind stirring their hair, and in their ears the thunderous undertone of the mounting sea.

"Look at Stephen!" murmured Sylvia, her enraptured eyes following him as he strolled hatless and coatless along the cliff's edge, the sun glimmering on his short hair, a tall, slim, well-coupled, strongly-knit shape against the sky and sea.

But Leila's quick ear had caught a significant sound from the gravel drive behind her, and she stood up, a delicious color tinting her face.

"Are you going in?" asked Sylvia. Then she, too, heard the subdued whirring of a motor from the front of the house, and she looked at Leila as she turned and recrossed the terrace walking slowly but erect her pretty head held high.

Then Sylvia faced the sea again and presently descended the terrace, crossing the long lawn toward the headland, where Siward stood looking out across the water.

Leila, from the music-room, watched her; then she heard Plank's voice, and his step on the stair, and she called out to him gayly:

"I am downstairs, thank you. How dared you send me those foolish nurses!"

She was laughing when he came into the room, standing there erect, head high, a brilliant color in her cheeks, and she offered him both hands which he took between his own, holding them strongly, and looking into her face with steady, questioning eyes.

"Well?" she said, still smiling, but her scarlet under-lip trembled a little; then: "Yes, you may say what you wish what I—I wish you to say. . . . There can be no harm in talking about it. But will you be very gentle with me? Don't m-make me cry; I h-have—I am t-trying to remember how it feels to laugh once more."

. . . . . .

Sylvia, lying in the hot sand on the tiny crescent beach under the cliffs, listened gravely to Siward's figures, as, notebook in hand, he went over the real-estate problem, commenting thoughtfully as he discussed the houses offered.

"Twenty by a hundred and two; good rear, north side of the street—next door to the Tommy Barclays, you know, Sylvia; only they're asking forty-two-five."

"That is an outrage!" said Sylvia seriously; "besides, I remember there was a wretched cellar, and only a butler's pantry extension. I'd much rather have that little house in Sixty-fourth Street, where the Fetherbraynes live—next house on the west, you know. Then we can pull it down and build—when we want to."

"We won't be able to afford to build for a while, you know," said Siward doubtfully.

"What do we care, dear? We'll have millions of things to do, anyway, and what is the use of building?"

"As many things to do as that?" he said, looking over his notebook with a smile.

"More! Are we not just beginning to live, and open our eyes, silly? Listen. Books, books, books, from top to bottom of the house, *that* is what I want first of all—except my piano."

"Do let us have a little plumbing, dear," he said so seriously that for a fraction of a second she was on the verge of taking him seriously.

"Why extravagant plumbing when books furnish sufficient circulation for the flow of soul, dear?" she retorted gravely.

"Nobody we know will ever come to see us if they think we read books."

"Isn't it delightful!" sighed Sylvia. "We're going to become frumps! I mustn't forget the blue stockings for my trousseau, dear. I'll need them when we read Henry James to each other."

Siward, resting his weight on one hand, laughed, and looked out at the surf drenching the reefs with silver.

"To think," he said, "that I could ever have been enough afraid of the sea to hate it! After all, at low tide the reef is always there in the same place and none the worse for the drenching. All that surf only shows how strong a rock can be."

He smiled, and turned to look at Sylvia; and she lay there, silent, blue eyes looking back into his. Suddenly they glimmered with tears, and she stretched out both arms, drawing his head down to hers convulsively, her quivering mouth crushed against his lips. Then she rose to her knees, to her feet, dazed, brushing the tears from her eyes.

"To think—to think," she stammered, "that I might have let you face the world alone! Dearest, dearest, we must fight a good fight. The sea is always there always, always there!"

He looked straight into her eyes, fearlessly, tenderly, and she looked back with the divine, untroubled gaze of a child, laying her slender, sun-tanned hands in his.

And, deep in his body, as he stood there, he heard the low challenge of his soul on guard; and he knew that the Enemy listened.

(THE END)

Two Drawbacks

OF ALL the auctioneers who have swayed the hammer, from the days of Augustus Cæsar to the present time, the most famous was George Robins, of London. To a fine person, we are told, he added mind, education, and a rare knowledge of men. He made the sale of a library a continuous literary lecture. Possessing rare elocutionary gifts; reading with exquisite taste passages from the books he was selling, with brief biographies and criticisms of their authors; reciting hexameters from Greek and Roman classics, and reading passages from humorous writers with a tone and air so ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter, he often won higher prices for books than those obtained at the shops. An amusing example of his adroitness in extolling an estate is the language with which he once closed a highly-colored description of one he was selling. For a few moments he paused, and then said:

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The Quest of the Colonial

By ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

REPAIRING AND POLISHING AT HOME

A Fireplace Chair Restored at Home from Complete Wreckage

IT IS not as if the dictum of Miles Standish about doing a thing one's self could always be applied to putting into good condition old furniture that has suffered from age and use. Often, and perhaps generally, if one wants an article of furniture well repaired, the best way is to send it to an expert craftsman. But, on the other hand, there are a great many things which one can do one's self, and which it is convenient and advantageous, as well as economical, to do. The cultivation of a certain handiness and adaptability in regard to old furniture tends to increase the enjoyment of the collector.

"Now, what are you going to do with that?" asked a friend, as he looked at an old and shabby wooden chair of perhaps no older than 1815, whose top rail was missing from the back, leaving curving, hornlike projections above the middle slat and the slender spokes. Our friend smiled as he asked the question, and there was the suggestion of gentle scoff in his voice.

In truth, there was not a promising outlook for filling the gap where that top slat ought to be (slats, it should be said, are strips running horizontally across a chair back, while a splat is the piece running vertically from top to bottom in the middle), for we knew from the mate of the chair that a new slat would be hard to make. For one reason, it would have to be bent on a difficult curve, and unless made precisely right it would look decidedly unattractive.

We looked at it thoughtfully. "You mean that it is a subject for the scrap-heap?"

"Well, you've got to get a scrap-heap some day," he responded airily, "and you may as well begin with this old chair—like those early Ohio settlers, you know, that took a nonogenarian along to begin the cemetery with."

In the face of this friendly taunt we were bound to make use of that chair. And, when the idea came, it was, like many another illuminative idea, extremely simple. The curving projections were sawed off, close above the middle slat. The knobs were planed and smoothed into a receding curve. Then, as the chair had always been a painted one, it was sandpapered, and painted a cream white, and placed in front of a dressing-table; and guests have used it there and expressed their wonder that there should be such a fetching, short-backed chair.

Before one can really come to the love of furniture he must patiently and personally handle it till he has patiently and personally learned it.

You are, say, more or less hazy in regard to the actual construction and merits of a Chippendale chair. Well, after first catching the chair, choosing a shabby one that needs general restoration and polishing, take a stout, broad-bladed knife and begin to scrape. Hold the edge of the knife to the wood at right angles and draw steadily toward you. The chair, in its checkered career, has probably had several coats of varnish and possibly a coat of paint. Work hard, and see that every particle of this coating falls to the floor. No injury will come to the wood if you use care. Good mahogany seems glad to be scraped, and is not easily scratched or raised in shavings, when the knife is heavy and straight and the strokes even, and if there are no digging motions. Instead of a knife glass is used by some, but it easily scratches the wood.

As the chair is cleared to the wood, and you thus become on intimate terms with it, you will increasingly realize that the patient, personal touch is causing you to take in to the full every point of outline and beauty. As each corner is finished you will notice not only the curves but the mode of construction; as you work on, over the curves of the perforated splat and the shape of the stalwart legs, you will begin to understand a Chippendale chair; you will see why this cabinet-maker of St. Martin's Lane could give his name to a school of design, as the monarchs of France, on their side of the Channel, gave theirs. As the American dealers of to-day patter of Chippendale and Heppelwhite and Sheraton, and perhaps even of that Shearer whose fame was almost lost in the glory of his rivals, so, in the shops of Paris, the dealers' talk is punctuated with the famous Quatorze and Quinze and Seize.

By the time you have your chair scraped and clean, you have not only learned the merits of construction, but you have discovered the faults and weaknesses that time has brought to your specimen.

Even the beginner can do many things toward restoration, and it is a peculiarly keen pleasure to see a battered treasure return to beauty under one's own hands. A table-top comes to mind as one of the things that yielded some of these thrills. It had seven marks, round and sunken, where the wood was crushed by sharp blows, apparently from a hammer. An old cabinet-maker had told us how to raise such dents, and we followed his directions although with misgivings as to success. Water was dropped in each depression; blotting-paper was laid over it, and a warm flatiron, not so warm as to scorch the wood, was placed over each blotting-paper. The old cabinet-maker had smiled queerly when he said that it would need many applications. For a whole day, each time those irons were found cool, more water was applied, with a blotter and another mildly warm iron. Slowly, magic was done; slowly the wood swelled and rose! Fortunately, no wood was missing. The blows had merely sunk into the table without breaking it. Moisture and heat gradually swelled the sunken fibre and it resumed its old smooth surface, while at the same time there was no effect whatever upon the wood surrounding the dents, which therefore remained level and smooth.

The most effective way to treat fine woods, after they have been scraped clean and repaired, is by means of what is known as French polishing. And French polishing may be done at one's own home, with keen pleasure in the result of one's efforts, and, it may be added, with a very considerable financial saving, for it is an expensive kind of work to have done. It is a fascinating art to understand, and one known to few except professional workers. And here is how it is done.

Let us presume that the article to be polished is of mahogany—and yet, except for very slight modifications called for by questions of coloring and filling, the rules will fit almost any wood.

First, the piece of mahogany, after it is scraped to the wood, is rubbed with powdered pumice-stone and boiled linseed oil—rubbed hard and long with a rough woolen rag, such as a piece of ingrain carpet or horse-blanket. Seeing a workman in the Rue St. Antoine at this very work, and examining his rubber, we found that he had a stone within it to give a hardness to the pressure of the cloth and oil and pumice-stone upon the wood. Since then, with us,

Rear View of the Fireside Chair Restored

a stone is used and it is certainly an aid to efficacy. The beauty of the finished work depends upon the smoothness given the wood by this rubbing.

But veneered wood must not be thus rubbed, for it would soften the glue, nor does veneer need it, for the wood chosen for veneer is usually very smooth and close-grained. Wood which has been well cared for and is unmarred under the old polish does not need this preliminary work to be long continued, for the effect of the pumice-stone and oil of years ago has not been lost.

Should a soft place appear where some inferior piece of wood has been used, apply a coat of glue and water and leave until dry. This will harden the grain of the wood.

Crevices should be filled with a cement of beeswax and resin and vermilion, heated together, and run into the hole with a warm chisel. Should a depression be found in an otherwise smooth surface, as is frequently the case at the centre of a knotty and gorgeous part of the mahogany, do not try the water and blotter method, for, the wood not having been crushed, it will not rise. But, with a brush, dip into the bottle of shellac to be used as polish, and generously cover this spot. As often as this hardens drop more until the depression is built up to the proper level. When perfectly hard it can be rubbed smooth with the rest of the surface.

We have always found sandpaper, even of the finest quality, a scratchy and poor substitute for pumice and oil and energy.

After the surface feels smooth and satiny, wipe the wood dry and clean, and place it in a well-lighted room where there will be no dust. It is well to do the work in a room where tools shall remain undisturbed.

Now, for the actual polishing have a quart bottle filled with the necessary mixture. There is some divergence among workers as to this, but here is a mixture that we have found admirable: One pint of grain alcohol; four ounces of shellac of a light color, crushed small; and half an ounce each of gum arabic and gum sandarac, powdered fine. This bottle must stand on a sunny window-sill, or on a warm register, or in a hot sand bath, but never near fire, for three days; and with sundry shakings it will turn into a thick and rather clear liquid with no sediment or undissolved matter. The sandarac sometimes settles, but still has a slight waterproofing influence in the mixture.

Now to begin. In your hand have an inch-thick, four-inch square of folded flannel, soft and fine. It must be covered with a piece of old linen which is not linty. Open the square and pour in from the bottle a tablespoonful or less. Gather the corners and edges into the hand so that a round, plump cushion protrudes, with the polish in the heart of it, covered with the fine linen. Touch this linen with one slight dab of linseed oil and take a cautious light stroke down the grain of the wood toward the light from the window. Very slowly, and

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without ever resting this dauber on the wood, a back-and-forth movement must be made. The polish begins to appear. The wood glows. The fire of its color gleams. Happiness steals over you. You return to the bottle for more. As skill grows you can sail gayly back and forth and by many parallel long strokes you will cover the small surface you are first attempting. For you will be wise, and not begin with the top of the dining-table, but take a leg, or, better still, a candle-stand or a dressing-glass frame.

After you feel master of the back-and-forth stroke, try a circular movement, which seems to surface things over and make progress. Return to the bottle for more liquid as needed, and renew the linen should it wear through, for the wool fibre will stick to the wood and destroy your surface. A very occasional dab of oil will be necessary on the linen.

One beauty of French polishing is that it is dry at once. There is no waiting to see if it is going to harden or set.

Keep on until the quality of the polish is deep and resplendent, until it suits taste and fancy, and until you are sure you have never seen a finer finish anywhere, in friend's or rival's home or in dealer's shop. Your arms will be weary and your hands very sticky by this time; but rinse them in alcohol and save the rinsing in a bottle, for you may use it later.

Next morning it is a little appalling to see how much the fine polish has gone in over night. But this is not very discouraging, for it has really gone in and has not evaporated. Instead of going on at once with more polish, take the old pumice-stone and oil rubber and rub the surface down to dullness; with a less vigorous stroke, however, than on the bare wood. Wipe clean, and again take the linen-covered, soft, woolen rubber (which will keep for many days without hardening if dropped in a covered can when not in use), and begin to put more polish on. Were you pleased yesterday? You will be more than that to-day. How the polish improves is a constant delight. The beauty, and the possibilities of beauty, in mahogany grow upon you, and you see in fancy the shabby old desk and the Empire work-table undergoing this very metamorphosis within the week. Put on all the polish that the wood requires (be sure to put on enough) and leave it again over night.

In the morning comes the last and most delicate of the operations. The work can be left as it is so far as durability is concerned, but another hue to the rainbow can be added by what is called spiriting off.

Take a roll or piece of soft linen, such as a fine but worn-out handkerchief. Tear off hems and monograms or fold them in, to insure softness. Take the alcohol you used for rinsing your fingers, or put a few drops from the polish bottle into fresh alcohol. Moisten your soft roll of linen in this and skim over the surface of your work with it. The end to be accomplished is to run the polish together into a hard and resisting surface. This moist rag will do wonderful things if a little skill is acquired in its use, but one lingering smear of it will lift the polish from the wood and leave the work of days a ruin, only to be scraped away.

French polishing leaves a brilliant deep polish on the wood, which a blow will not turn into a yellow mark, with fractures, as in the case with varnished wood, and which is as good and strong as ingenuity has invented. Should a duller surface be desired, and it is more effective on sombre old chests of drawers and many heavy old pieces, rub the finished surface very gently, and very little, with flannel and pumice-stone and oil. It is the work of a few moments to change from brightness to dullness, yet we have known bills to be sent with six dollars' extra charge for this desired dull finish.

There are many "superstitions" to be followed, as coffee drinkers call such ceremonies as putting sugar in the cup first and coffee on top.

Never use the polish bottle on a dull or humid day. It will be contrary and sticky. Scrape and rub with oil and pumice on the dull days. You must have bright skies for good polishing.

There are many more points which emergencies will teach. If a bubbly ugly smear appears, showing where the polish has stuck to the rubber instead of to the wood, stop all work on that part for the day. Next day, when it is hard, rub with pumice-stone and oil and see if you can go on with the polish. If it is not a bad case this can be done. If it has been a case of leaving the rubber on the wood while you went downstairs, you had better betake yourself to the knife and scrape clean for a new deal.

When flutings, or receding angles, or carvings which cannot be reached by the rounding surface of the polish rubber are met with, a slim and slender brush of fine hair should be dipped in the bottle and the liquid lined into these difficult places; then the pad may be resumed for the polishing of the surfaces around these same parts.

Now and then a stain is absolutely necessary, where a patch is to be made like the original. Never use a colored varnish or a commercial stain, but dye the bare wood with a dye made of bismuth brown and alcohol, to which a granule of aniline red is added.

A patch around a keyhole, or an inset of new and light-colored mahogany, may be darkened by wiping over with lye water and rinsing off.

The continued application of lye or caustic soda in any form causes mahogany to darken into purplish hues. Many restorations come home from workshops of high repute with this queer dull purple gleaming from the wood as the result of an easy way of removing the old varnish with lye. Time and again have the uninspired restorers of old furniture pooh-poohed the folly of scraping wood and advocated the lye-can. With lye, the old varnish or polish comes off in one-eighth of the time needed by scraping, but the fire of the wood disappears too, and there comes in its stead the ugly purple which has little resemblance to the rich color of good wood well treated.

Inkstains so frequently sink into the very fibre of the wood that it is well worth knowing that, if covered with a drop of water into which one or two crystals of oxalic acid are then pushed, the ink will disappear. But watch the operation, and wipe away the acid as soon as the cleansing is complete. Remember, too, that oxalic acid is poison.

For the many things, little and big, that may be done at home, it is well to set aside a small room as a home workshop. We set apart such a room, away from the main part of the house, and gilding, upholstering, cabinet-making, polishing and general repairing are carried on with a very simple array of tools in which hatchet and tack-hammer and kitchen knife play star parts.

However, we have one useful machine. It is made from an old sewing-machine, so antiquated as to have no friend or owner. It is now a brass polisher! Polishing andirons and candlesticks and pewter mugs and pewter platters is always looked upon as a task out of usual household lines. Silver is polished without a murmur, but brass and pewter are looked upon with no eye of favor in the kitchen. And so, we had to present the polishing of brass and pewter as an easy task; hence the sewing-machine, made over with a felt burnishing-wheel by a village artisan. No longer, now, is burnishing a task, and the machine was not difficult of construction. The arm was knocked off, and the felt-covered wooden wheel was attached. In buffing, putz or brass polish is used.

It is always pleasant to know a simple method by which some serious-seeming difficulty may be overcome. An old banister-back chair, which antedates the days of Chippendale, with generous rush seat, and a front rung with a huge knob in the middle, was cleaned of a coat of garden green and returned to its original dull black by first applying logwood boiled in water, and, when this was dry, by brushing over with vinegar in which rusty nails had been left for several hours. The chair had a dirty, mussy, brown color when the work was done, but in a few minutes the color became ebony-like, and was a great success. The advantage of this over painting black is that the very fibre of the wood is dyed, and the chair does not, therefore, wear white on the arms and edges.

It is always well to have on hand a sheet of mahogany veneer, which can be purchased at some wood warehouse where you have spied the sign of "Veneers" from passing trolley or from high-level bridge. Scissors will clip a piece of harmonizing streak and grain for some spot where it is needed, and with a clean surface, freshly-made glue and a heavy weight, or, still better, a wooden clamp, you can easily do the work of mending veneer. Or you may relay loose veneer by cleaning it, using fresh glue, and replacing it under pressure. A blister in old veneer may be laid by slitting it in the middle and pouring in some glue, working it thoroughly under every part of the blister, pressing out all that you can, and then laying a very heavy weight on it. Time enters into all these things, and the beginner is apt to become impatient while waiting for glue to harden and veneer to adhere.

Once learn the art of putting in rush seats in chairs—it may easily be learned from some worker of the old school—and you are not only ready to repair a rush seat that has become broken and ragged by use, but you need never hesitate about acquiring some fine old chair, with broken bottom, when opportunity offers, although you would probably let the prize pass if you had not learned this art.

There are many things which the collector himself may do. You may put on missing handles of brass or glass—first waiting until, in some junk-shop or odd corner, you find the handle of precisely the proper period. You may do a myriad of things with broken furniture, thereby acquiring personal knowledge of the admirable old-time ways, and, especially if you live at some distance from a city, saving yourself endless trouble in shipping articles of furniture back and forth.

Beginning by doing the work from motives of economy or convenience, you will soon acquire a real love for it.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of papers of instruction and advice by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experience in the quest of old-time furniture

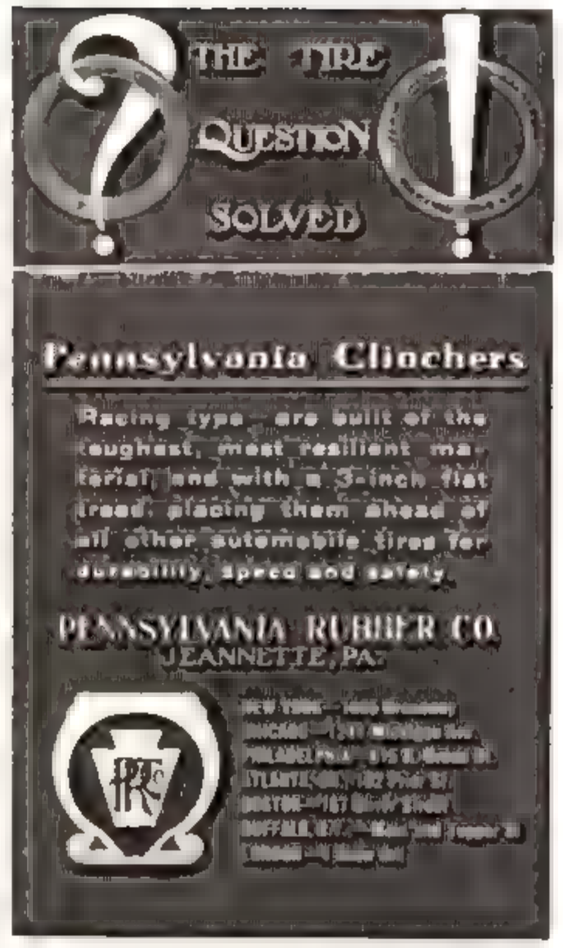
Building up a Retail Business

By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

IT IS a fact that hundreds of small storekeepers become insolvent before they know it, and they believe themselves prospering until aroused to their actual condition by the credit-man of their jobbing house. This statement will, I am sure, be verified by the credit-man of almost any wholesale house, particularly in the grocery or dry-goods business.

One of the rocks upon which thousands of country storekeepers go to pieces is that of failure to figure the cost of their goods. I do not believe it an exaggeration to say that not one country storekeeper in a thousand, the country over, adequately figures the cost of the merchandise which he sells. Almost invariably he fails to include in his estimate some important element of fixed charges, of his running expenses. For example, if he owns his store building he figures that he is saving the entire item of rent, and consequently he does not include this in his fixed or running expenses; because he has his son helping in the store as a clerk and his nephew delivers the goods, he makes no charge for their services on his salary account; again, he is unusually exact if he makes any charge on account of the insurance which he is obliged to carry on his building and stock. Of course, not all country merchants are as careless as this with regard to their record of operating expenses, but it is safe to say that very few of them charge anything to the account of interest on their investment beyond, perhaps, the *actual sums* which they are obliged to pay out for interest *on money borrowed*. In a word, the average keeper of a country store has no idea whatever of his total operating expenses, and he is uncommonly fortunate if he figures into the cost of his goods one-half of the expense which should be charged under that head. Really, I do not think that fifty per cent. of the smaller storekeepers in the country districts figure into their cost of a specific invoice of goods the money actually paid out for the transportation of that shipment, to say nothing of any charge for hauling and handling inside the store.

Let me give one instance, which is thoroughly representative of hundreds of others, of how a storekeeper figured his cost. He bought a case of canned goods and had it hauled from the station to his store in his own delivery-wagon. The fact that he did not have to pay any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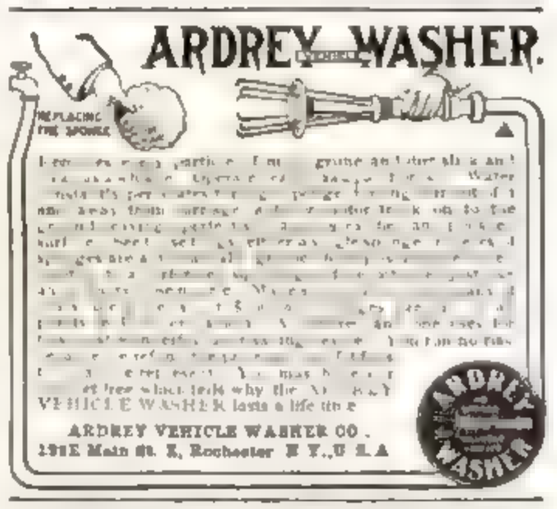

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drayage on these goods was the one thing prominently in his mind when he opened them, and for this reason he told the boys to mark the cost at fifteen cents and the selling price at twenty cents. When he sold these goods he flattered himself that he was making a good margin of profit, while, as a matter of fact, if he figured in a right percentage of all of his operating expenses he would have realized that he was selling the goods at a margin of less than a cent a can, if not at actual cost.

Another point which the storekeeper is prone to overlook is that of failing to *decide for his customer*. For example: Every storekeeper carries several brands of tobacco. In tobaccos, as in most other lines of goods carried in the small general store, there is a wide difference in the margin of profit which the storekeeper can exact from his customer. Those brands which are the most widely advertised invariably afford the smallest margin of profit. Let us suppose, for example, that the Pocahontas brand of plug tobacco gives the merchant a margin of only ten per cent., while the Cowboys' Delight and the Home Comfort brands give him from twenty to twenty-five per cent. margin. If he is a good salesman and a natural trader he will invariably hand his customer a plug of Cowboys' Delight instead of Pocahontas, unless the buyer, of his own volition, asks for Pocahontas. On the other hand, the storekeeper who is not thoroughly up to his task will ask the customer, "What brand do you want?" thus leaving the decision entirely to the customer, and thereby cutting his own profit in half. It must be confessed that, in a majority of cases, the country storekeeper, or his clerk, fails to make this decision for his customers. Of course, when the decision is put up to the customer he will invariably name the brand most widely advertised, because it is the first one that comes to his mind. If this were not the case what is known as "general publicity" advertising would be a failure and the millions of dollars spent in this kind of publicity would be wasted.

Depend upon it, the customer will always name the brand which gives the least margin of profit, unless the storekeeper takes the matter in his hands and makes the decision in favor of the brand against which the manufacturer is not obliged to charge the expenses of a heavy publicity advertising campaign.

How Customers are Educated

This matter of pushing brands which give a liberal profit in preference to those yielding only a narrow margin is a most important one, which calls for a nice discrimination in many ways. No merchant can afford to push a poor quality of goods and thus impose on his customers, no matter how large the margin of profit may be. On the other hand, if he is an intelligent buyer he will find little difficulty in securing goods in which there is a generous margin of profit, and which are nearly, if not quite, equal in quality to brands which are called "standard" because of the large advertising back of them. Then he should remember that he has it in his power to make unadvertised brands of goods almost as well known to *his customers* as those which are largely advertised. This he can do, not only by word of mouth, but by using intelligent discrimination in displaying the brands which he is most anxious to sell. He should remember that people dislike to be thought ignorant of brands and qualities, and that he has the power in his own hands to create the impression in the minds of his customers that certain profitable brands are the desirable ones.

There is no necessity for a merchant to give the most prominent display to brands in which there is the least profit. Instead, it is the part of discretion and good salesmanship to give the most conspicuous place in his show-windows and on his counters and his shelves to those goods which he is most anxious to sell because they yield him the larger profit. A little intelligent work, in a hand-to-hand way, will do wonders in educating his customers in the idea that certain unadvertised brands of goods are equal in quality to those which have received greater publicity and for which a higher price is charged. It is human nature to feel gratified over a good bargain, and when once the customer is made to feel that he is buying something for ten cents as good as others are getting for fifteen, he feels a certain sense of gratitude to the merchant who has put the bargain in his way.

Of course the small country storekeeper cannot get the jobber to put his own brand on goods which he buys, but this is easily possible with leading merchants in the larger towns and provincial cities, and this is one of the strong points in good merchandising, particularly in the grocery business. No opportunity to do this should be neglected, provided, always, that there is no doubt as to the intrinsic merit of the goods. When the storekeeper, little or big, recommends an unadvertised brand of goods as against an advertised brand, he must be absolutely certain that the goods have the merit and will bear out his recommendation.

It should not be inferred from what I have said, however, that a merchant's stock of goods is complete without the leading standard or advertised brands of goods in the various lines. There are always, in every community, people who will demand these and be dissatisfied unless they are able to get them.

Perhaps the most important thing which any merchant sells is that for which he does not make a direct or open charge. The name of this commodity is *service*. Nothing on his shelves or counters is of greater value, and the quality of service which he gives his customers is just as vital to his success, perhaps more so, than is the quality of the goods which he sends out in his delivery-wagon or puts into the hands of his customer. On the other hand, service is just as tangible a commodity as sugar or dress goods, and should be as carefully reckoned in his cost account as his bills for goods or his freight or insurance expense.

The Value of Good Help

It is not too much to say that good service is the most profitable thing which the merchant can sell, and that poor service is, by the same token, the most unprofitable thing that he can have about his store. Comparatively few storekeepers have any realization of this, and seem to conduct their business upon the supposition that service is an intangible quantity, and that the cheaper they can get their clerk hire the better. Few mistakes can be more fatal to merchandising than this notion. From the delivery boy up to the proprietor, quality of service should be considered the very essence of good merchandising. It is a fundamental trait of human nature to consider the *manner* in which a transaction is done to be quite as important as the more material part of it. When the storekeeper gets into the city he likes to get his meals at a first-class restaurant. Why? Not because the food served to him is really any better than he would get at a cheaper restaurant, but because the *service is better*. In other words, he is entirely willing to pay for a superior article of attention and for more attractive surroundings. If he is observant and thoughtful he will at once realize that his customers are made of the same clay as himself, and that they will, consciously or unconsciously, take the matter of service into the same consideration in buying goods as he does in buying his meals. They will, as he does, put a premium upon attention, attractiveness of surroundings and promptness and reliability of delivery, not to speak of an agreeable manner in those who render the service.

Neatness is a prime essential in storekeeping. Many merchants have found their trade going to their competitors, and have been unable to account for this loss of patronage. Knowing their merchandise to be as good as that sold by their competitors, and their prices to be as low, they were unable to account for this loss of trade. If they could have taken their customers into their confidence and arrived at the real reason of this falling away of patronage, they would have been astonished to learn that lack of neatness was the real cause at the bottom of the matter. This observation applies especially to stores in which dry goods and groceries are sold, for the reason that, to a very large extent, these commodities are bought by women, and that there is nothing against which woman nature so instinctively rebels as disorder and dirt.

To put it less bluntly, women are especially sensitive to all that is cleanly, neat and attractive to the eye. They like pleasant and tasteful surroundings, and anything which suggests disorder and confusion repels them. Although perhaps men are not generally as sensitive to these things as women, at the same time they are confused by a disorderly array of merchandise and are attracted by a neat and pleasing display of goods. Any well-circumstanced man or woman shrinks from attempting to buy in a store where the stock is untidy and "cluttered." Instinctively the best trade in any community will gravitate toward the store which is kept up in the most orderly and attractive manner.

Consequently, not only will the merchant who has the real trading instinct be awake to this important element in merchandising, but he will also see to it that he hires clerks who have a sense of neatness and order and have an ability to display goods in an attractive way. As a general rule, the dry-goods merchant is quicker to realize this than is the grocery man, but dirt and disorder in the grocery store are quite as distressing and inimical to real success as in the dry-goods establishment.

Again, neatness and order are essential to the success of the storekeeper from the standpoint of economy, as well as from their effect upon the sensibility of customers. Goods which are not handled with cleanliness, neatness and order deteriorate much more rapidly than those which are kept and handled in a neat and orderly manner. The cluttered, ill-arranged and untidy stock of goods is the one which is going downhill with the greatest rapidity.

Equally important in the matter of service is the quality of promptness. This comes into play from the moment the customer enters the door of the store until the goods are delivered in his house. What reader has not heard the remark, "I like to trade with Smith, because I get waited upon right away, and because I know that the goods I order will be delivered in time for me to use them as I have planned." Thousands of times grocery men in villages and small cities have lost good customers because the goods have not been delivered in time for the next meal. This may be caused by the slowness or the carelessness of the clerk or the delivery boy, or perhaps the proprietor himself. But no matter where the blame may rest, the disappointed customer will not forget the incident, and if it is repeated the loss of the family's trade is almost sure to result. This suggests the not unimportant point that a bright and active delivery boy is quite as important a member of the storekeeper's force as is the head clerk.

The Important Boy

Many merchants are prone to give very little consideration to the selection of a delivery boy; but this is decidedly a mistake. The right kind of a delivery boy has many times been able to hold the trade of a customer in spite of defects in goods and prices and in the service rendered by the proprietor and his clerks. The delivery boy who is a natural "hustler" is a tower of strength in the organization of any store, and the merchant who does not recognize this fact is overlooking an essential point. The storekeeper should not forget the fact that the delivery boy is the person who *closes the transaction*, and who goes into the homes of his customer to do so. He is, so to speak, the living link between the store and the home. In many cases much of the buying is done by servants, and it is the delivery boy who comes into daily contact with the maid of the house. If this work is done in a prompt, intelligent and agreeable manner he gets a personal standing in the homes at which he calls, and not infrequently brings out the remark: "They may be a little slow at the store, but that boy is all right and can be depended upon to get the things around in time and in good shape."

Perhaps some of my readers may feel that I place too much importance upon the delivery boy, but he is a factor in community trade which has received altogether too little consideration—and perhaps he also generally receives too little compensation. Certainly, there is no kindergarten for the merchandising business equal to the delivery wagon, and the boy who makes a success in that humble capacity is the best possible timber out of which to make a clerk or proprietor.

Editor's Note—This is the third of four papers on the successful conduct of a retail business. The concluding paper will appear in an early issue.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Carving Out Celebrity

I LIVED in a little hamlet at the edge of the Adirondacks. A two-man sawmill and a one-horse dye factory were its sole claims to commercial importance. Its society consisted of two men and four women. Its "underworld" was made up of a few laborers, some woodsmen and a dozen unsuccessful farmers. Nothing ever happened there. Sometimes a year elapsed without a dance or social gathering, and visitors came a month apart on the average. Nevertheless, I made formal application for the task of doing local correspondence for a weekly in the next county. I received no reply. Then I sent a fourteen-line paragraph to a daily paper printed in the nearest city. The paragraph was printed and a dollar bill came in payment for the item. I had written "real news" culled from a forest fire in the next town five miles away.

Then I scanned my region. The nearest correspondent for the daily was six miles away, and on the woods side there was none. I annexed a territory twenty miles square and "covered it." Even at that, I was hard put to it some weeks to find "events" of the ordinary news kind. But I soon found that there were things more interesting than the comings and goings, the dying and being "seen in town" of sundry people. Everybody was interested in politics. I wrote up the politicians, giving the current price of votes and indicating the plans of the bosses. From "single liners" the items grew to "spread heads"—not as editorials, but as plain news items. I told how a young man built a telephone line, and quoted the windy pride of sundry "leading citizens" till they squirmed.

The items were simply different from the ordinary correspondence. In two lines I said a man was building a new barn, but when a neighbor built a dog-kennel I gave it a quarter of a column—barns were common, and kennels were not. When crows began to rob a farmer of his planted seed potatoes, I took it as real news. Crows do not usually eat potatoes. All the other correspondents reported fishermen's luck, but I made a feature of the politician who went wading for trout with a white collar around his neck. I took pains to watch the flowers, and to report the doings of wild deer. The condition of the roads, the school meeting, the appearance of the wilderness came to have a significance not only in our own little valley, but twenty miles away as well. A description of a woodsman in a trespass case was submitted to a prize contest in an agricultural paper, and the submitter received $1.50. This helped spread the fame of the local items in the next town but one. A parson sent me an invitation to "give a talk" before his young men's class, and another who came to hold a funeral service in our church mentioned in the course of his sermon that he "had often read about our village in the local paper."

Because I told the truth, regardless of consequences, I found some people who closed up like clams when I appeared. Others came three miles to ask me to tell about a row at a school meeting, or a fuss between politicians.

Then a daily paper in a still more distant city than the one for which I was writing wrote to me, mentioning my odd items, and offered me a job as reporter in the city. I took the job. In this instance, doing something different from the ordinary had attracted worth-while attention, even though the effort to be different had been at times rather forced. —*R. S.*

"Calling Down the Boss"

"WORK hard and keep your nerve" was the last injunction received from my employer as I started out to make my first trip on the road. My first objective point was Detroit, but there, the next morning I walked the streets until the lights were lit, and got only one car on my order-book for my day's work.

The second day was drawing to a close when I opened the door to the reception-room of one of the largest firms in the city. No one was in sight, and I stood around, first on one foot and then the other, dreading the interview with the people, of whom all our traveling-men were afraid. The door opened, a man six feet in height took my card and then looked me through and through.

"I should like to see Mr. Smith, or his manager," I said.

"They are too busy to see you," and he turned to reopen the door.

I was becoming desperate.

"How about his chief clerk? Is he busy, too?"

"Yes!" he bellowed. "They are all too busy; we don't want anything."

In a tone quite as loud as he had used: "Sir," said I, "I do not know who you may be or what position you may hold in this company, but I believe, sir, that, if Mr. Smith realized he had a man in his employ of your calibre, he would discharge you, for I believe him to be too good a business man not to listen to any business proposition which might present itself."

A faint trace of a smile hovered around the corners of his mouth as he answered: "Come in; I am Mr. Smith."

I sold him twenty-five cars and I bought his friendship. In the years that have passed, Smith and I have often laughed over the "calling down" I gave him.

—*C. D. M.*

Snapping Up the Chance

IN DEBT more than fifty dollars to a firm of publishers with whom I was employed on a commission basis, with no prospects of strengthening my depleted purse, and with my wedding day—set more than a year before—only two weeks off: that was the miserable state in which I found myself in New York City one late October day. In a fashionable neighborhood bounded on the one hand by Seventy-fourth Street, I was moodily watching a photographer, under the direction of a contractor, photographing the recently finished front elevation of a palatial house—built on the lines of a famous French château—which I was informed was for a prominent Pittsburg millionaire.

"These photographs," I overheard the contractor say to the photographer, "should be published in book-form by the architect. This will be the most remarkable residence in New York. It is worth an art-album in itself."

Struck by an idea, I looked up the architect, a dreamy little Frenchman, in Fifth Avenue, and laid my scheme before him. He was pleased with my proposition, gave me a contract, and instructed his private secretary to give me letters of introduction to his sub-contractor.

Two months later there was published a handsome booklet of photogravures showing the exteriors, interiors and many details of the remarkable five-million-dollar residence of the Pittsburg millionaire. Five hundred copies of this book carried just thirty pages of advertising, for which the sub-contractors of the "dreamy little Frenchman" had paid me one hundred dollars a page.

Needless to say, I paid off my indebtedness to my employers, married the girl of my choice, and, so far—if I may be permitted to add—have lived happily ever after. —*W. O. S.*

"Stickativeness"

SOME five years ago, when I finished my college course at the University of North Carolina, I determined to become a newspaper man. After a vacation of several months, I confidently applied for a position on the staff of a large paper. I failed to get it. I then sought work on papers in over a dozen cities—with the same result. I found that I was not wanted solely because I had no experience. I decided to get experience at any cost. I studied the special features of a number of papers and observed that one publication used political stories in its Sunday magazine supplement which I thought that I could equal. I spent much time in preparing the best article of that character of which I was capable. I mailed this together with a letter to the effect that I expected no pay. The article was promptly published.

I followed this up weekly with similar matter, all of which was used. After three or four months, I suddenly ceased writing. Soon I received an offer of substantial pay if I would continue the stories. I accepted. A few weeks later I visited a promising city, got acquainted with all of the local newspaper men, and directed attention to my work. In less than a month I was asked to become society editor of the principal paper at a small salary for the winter social season. I exerted myself there, doing many extra tasks for the experience I was thereby afforded.

Six months later another local paper changed hands and lost its editor. I offered to write the editorials in addition to my other work, and in a short time was made the regular editorial writer. I took advantage of spare moments and the news editor's neglect of his duties to familiarize myself with the work of his department, and, when the principal reporter had to go away several days with his military company, I took his place. When the paper suspended publication I promptly got a position as chief of the reportorial staff of a paper several hundred miles distant. Illness compelled me to relinquish that place. When I recovered I devoted my time to writing special stories for important papers and magazines, with a view to showing my qualifications to publishers from whom I intended seeking a better position. Then I advertised for a situation as managing editor, news editor, city editor or editor. To inquirers I sent testimonials from previous employers and prominent friends, and large collections of specimens of my work. I received four good offers and made my selection from them.

For over two years I have been editor-in-chief of a prosperous daily.

—*B. B. B.*

His Sense of Guilt

IN THE January of 1881, butter was very scarce and high in price, whereas lard was but seven cents a pound. My father was in the grocery business in a small town and shipped lots of butter. One day, Joseph Peterkin—as we will call him—came in the store, inquired the price of butter, and, finding he could not obtain more elsewhere, sold my father some large, fine-looking rolls of butter.

At dinner-time my mother telephoned down to the store for a small amount of butter, as there was a crock to be delivered from her butter-maker in the country, after dinner. My father, knowing Peterkin was neat if stingy, cut into a roll, intending to take some home, when what was his astonishment to find a thin coating of butter over a large interior of lard!

Needless to say, father did not take home any of that butter, but, after some time spent in thought, he decided to teach the man a lesson. Knowing Peterkin would be in town on a certain day, he arranged for a window-display by cutting the rolls in two and placing them with the cut side toward the window on a white cloth. A large placard with a hand pointing toward the rolls was arranged back of them. It bore the legend: "A Fine Pie-Crust Mixture. Inquire for Particulars of Joseph Peterkin, Manufacturer."

Then father waited until the boy, who was hired for the purpose, announced Mr. Peterkin's arrival in town, whereupon the display was placed in the window.

People would come along, stop and look; then laugh and pass on.

In a few minutes Peterkin rushed in and said:

"Say, take that stuff out of the window! Here is ten dollars. Will that square it? I shall never hear the last of this. If I had not thought you would ship that butter without examining it, I never would have been tempted to do it."

My father was not a hard-hearted man, and, after deducting the money paid Peterkin for the butter, gave him back the small remainder of the bill.

Someway the story leaked out and Peterkin was called "old pie crust" ever after.

—*Mrs. W. E. D.*

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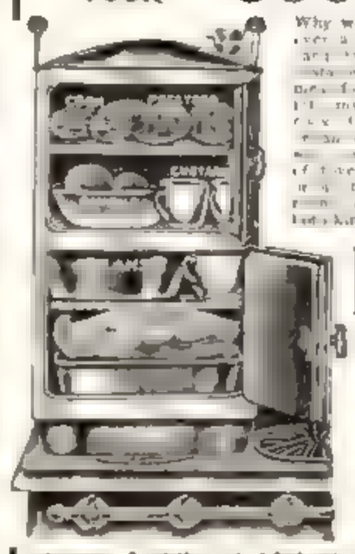

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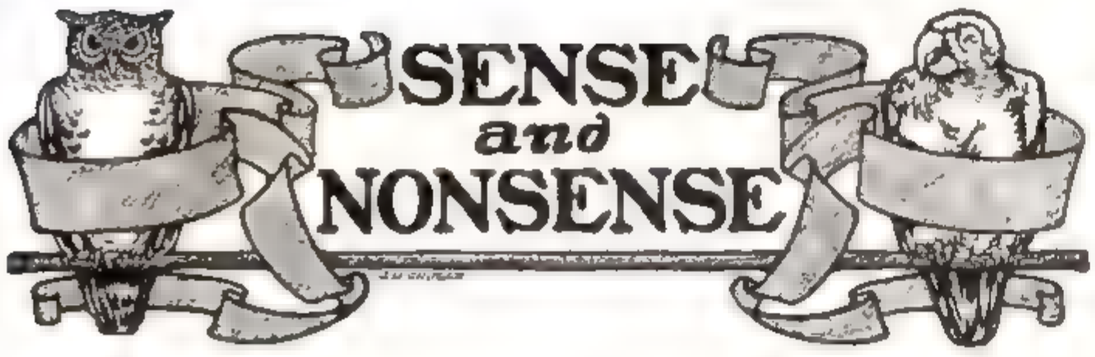


Nature Up-to-Date

How sweet to walk within the woods
  Where spreads the sylvan shade;
To roam within the rural dells
  Or fairy forest glade;
To sit beside the streamlet fair
  And watch the babbling rills,
And see upon the mossy rocks:
  "Take Pluckem's Purple Pills!"

How sweet to leave the city streets,
  To throw off duty's load,
And take a pleasant morning tramp
  Along some mountain road;
To feel the cool, refreshing breeze,
  To breathe the ozone pure,
And read upon the rustic fence:
  "Use Stiggin's Spavin Cure."

How sweet when boarding-house grows dull,
  And clubs no longer charm,
To spend a pleasant holiday
  Down East, on Grandpa's farm.
The voices of the past, long hushed,
  Now clearer sound and louder,
And on the dear old barn you see:
  "Try Catchem's Cockroach Powder!"

—*Elsie Duncan Yale.*

Sam Got the Pants

IN ATLANTA there lived a well-to-do young man who was noted for his eternally immaculate appearance, and in fact was considered the Beau Brummel of that town. He had a colored valet named Sam, who had just two ambitions in life—one to please his master, and the other to some day marry Lindy Pell, the handsomest Creole in that section.

The master accidentally stained his finest pair of trousers with some paint, and, calling Sam, directed him to get the pants cleaned. Sam took them first to his own sanctum, and, after admiring them from all sides, slipped them on. He hardly knew himself, as he strutted majestically in front of his mirror. Those pants would clinch the argument with Lindy. He took them off and carefully laid them away.

Sam approached his master with a woe-begone look, announcing:

"Yuh cam't do nuthin' with dem pants, nohow."

"Did you take them to the tailor, Sam?"

"Yassir, and he says you mought as well frow 'em away."

"Did you try good soap and water?"

"Yassir; scrubbed 'em till I was brack in de face."

"Well, did you try benzine?"

"Shuah, but she wouldn't touch dat spot."

"Um-m, well, did you try ammonia?"

Sam grinned. "Yassir, and dey fits me fine!"

Mr. Taft's Diplomacy

AT THE close of the military régime in the Philippines, when the soldiery were amenable to the orders of the civil government, an outbreak occurred among the natives of an outlying town, where a young lieutenant was stationed with a detachment of American troops.

Following instructions, the regulars took no part, leaving the Filipino constabulary to quell the uprising. The young officer, who comes of fighting stock, chafed under the inaction. When he saw the insurrectos were getting the upper hand, he could stand it no longer. His men greeted his order with a yell and leaped into the fray.

In a few minutes the revolt was over, and the lieutenant was writing his resignation. In his report, which accompanied it to headquarters, he formally announced that he had disobeyed orders, and, with boyish earnestness, he told why he did so.

The resignation and report reached Governor Taft in due course, and returned through the same channels, indorsed by him as follows:

"A visitor in a town saw a funeral cortège returning from the cemetery. A band was playing a lively air; people were shaking hands, and a festive spirit prevailed. Puzzled, the stranger sought an explanation. 'Well, you see,' said a native, 'we've just buried the meanest man in town, and *every one is satisfied.*'"

That was all.

The Street-Masseur

THERE are two Woodburys in New York known to fame. One is the Commissioner of Streets and the other is a dermatologist. Both are doctors.

When the street-cleaning Woodbury was appointed, the reporters went over to his house to see him. He received them through the aid of a butler, waited until they were all seated, and then came into the room in a most impressive manner.

He announced that he never talked with reporters, but would condescend to say a few words on this occasion. He referred to himself in highly eulogistic terms, told what a great man he was, how old his family was and all that, and outlined, with many personal pronouns, what his street-cleaning policy was to be.

His manner was most patronizing, and the reporters did not like it. Finally, after they had asked their questions and had been allowed to sit at the Woodbury feet a few minutes, he waved them out.

Just as they were leaving, one of the reporters, who had taken no part in the questioning, turned and said:

"Oh, by the way, doctor, now that you have accepted this position, I suppose you will discontinue your beauty parlors."

And that was revenge enough.

The Consumer's Turn

The iceman is in limbo and
  The coalman is in hock,
The butcher's ship of arrogance
  Has gone upon a rock;
The life-insurance president
  Is exiled o'er the sea;
I'm only a consumer, but
  My turn has come to me!

I go to work o' mornings with
  My head among the stars,
For all my old-time enemies
  Are safe behind the bars;
It only proves that right is right
  And justice will not fail;
I am the only citizen
  Who has kept out of jail!

The baker got a year of it
  For giving me short weight;
The railroad man's indicted for
  His rebates on my freight;
I guess they've got a warrant out
  From mighty sea to sea
In all the blessed country for
  Most every man but me!

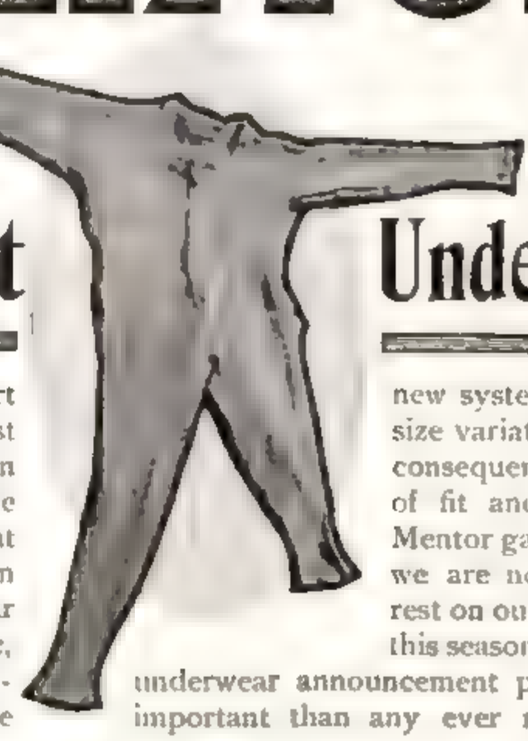
For all these years I've suffered, but
  My turn has come at last;
They stare at me in envy from
  The jails when I go past.
I may have suffered from them, but
  I hold no angry hate,
For vengeance comes to those of us
  Who only stand and wait.

I know that, when my milkman comes
  And calls for my tin pail,
He dares not look me in the eye—
  He's only out on bail.
My landlord is respectful, for
  His trial will soon be,
And I may sit as juror.—Oh,
  The world looks good to me!

In days of old they scorned me and
  They soaked me when they could;
Through all my days of darkness I
  Said nothing, but sawed wood;
They're all of them indicted now;
  The evil days are past;
The saying old is true, because
  The worm has turned at last!

—*J. W. Foley.*

MENTOR



Comfort Underwear

Mentor Comfort Underwear could rest on laurels already won and feel secure in the public favor, for that popularity was won on fundamental underwear virtues. Warm, elastic, absorbent, non-shrinkable fabrics, and the new system of Mentor size variations with the consequent certainty of fit and comfort in Mentor garments. But we are not content to rest on our laurels, and this season witnesses an underwear announcement perhaps more important than any ever made. It is

Mentor *Shrinkproof* Wool

It is now included as a regular part of the Mentor line to be had at most first-class dealers, in all sizes of union suits for men, and union and two-piece suits for women and children.

Any garment that does not stand the test of washing and boiling **without shrinking** means your money back. We could not afford to make such a broad guarantee if we were not positive about the qualities of Mentor *Shrinkproof* fabric. The photograph above illustrates one of our tests of an all-wool garment, **half** of which was subjected to our simple and scientific process, which absolutely fixes the fibre of wool so that it **cannot shrink.** The photograph shows what happened when the garment was washed and boiled. The untreated side shrunk, warped and hardened. The *Shrinkproof* side remained full size, soft and pliant, as it came from the mill.

We invite you to buy a garment of *Shrinkproof* wool, put it through your regular washing and drying process, and then compare it with one of your own garments treated by your "Sunny Home" process. Let them speak for the result. If it doesn't make you a Mentor customer, there's no one to say ever will. If you have trouble getting Mentor Comfort Underwear where you live, order direct from us.

Mentor Knitting Mills, Cleveland, O.

CUT OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

E. R. P.
Mentor Knitting Mills,
Cleveland, O.
Please send a free sample of *Shrinkproof* and the Mentor booklet.
Name
Address

You may use a postal instead of coupon if you will mention this publication.

Suit the interest of your business—Your Choice will be Intelligent—
HOW MUCH IS SATISFACTION WORTH TO YOU?

Do you prefer methods now going out of date or up-to-date methods that will carry far into the future?

A typewriter made just good enough to sell or the L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER, with every useful, valuable feature inbuilt and Writing ENTIRELY in Sight?

Let us send you the illustrated Catalogue.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICE AND EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENTS IN ALL LARGE CITIES

Registered Trade Mark

FLAT ALL CLASP SILK

BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

PLAYERS: PAST AND PRESENT

(Concluded from Page 11)

waves that beat the shore. In the personality that Mary Anderson's acting disclosed—or, certainly, suggested—there was the fulfillment of an inspiring ideal of innocence, purity, healthful, exultant joy, intimate communion with Nature, and perfect happiness in perfect goodness; in the thought of which a golden age of art seemed easily possible and a world redeemed from care. But words are unavailing to reproduce the feeling that her acting inspired, when, at last, in the prime of her development, she had attained to her full intellectual and spiritual stature, and to the full control of her extraordinary gifts. Fair; tall; of an imperial figure; her features regular; her changeful blue eyes, placid as a summer lake or blazing with the fire of roused imagination; her noble head, enwreathed with its copious wealth of golden hair; her smile, the diamond sparkle of morning light; her gestures, large, wide, graceful free; her movement, at times electrical with action, at times pathetically eloquent of slow, wandering grief or the stupor of despair; her voice, clear, smooth, silvery, ranging through many moods, from the ripple of arch, bewitching mirth to the low moan of anguish, the deep whisper of passion or the clarion note of power—she filled the scene with her presence, and she filled the hearts of her audience with a refreshing sense of delightful, ennobling conviction of the possible loveliness and majesty of the human soul. I think that this was the sum of her service to art and to society. Many pages might be written about electrical points in her personations of character—her denotement of Juliet's desolation, after parting, in the lonely midnight, from the last human being whom she may ever behold; her revelation of Hermione's awful despair, when she covers her face with her mantle, and falls in deathlike trance; her simplicity and piquant archness when giving the flowers, as Perdita, contrasted with her soul-subduing agony in Bianca's supplication to her stony-hearted, exultant, scornful rival; but that would require the wide domain of an essay, and this is but a glimpse. The decisive fact suffices that this actress was one of the authentic messengers of Heaven who shed a light on this world and, in the hearts of its weary workers, rekindle the sacred fires of hope and trust.

One of the cherished memories of my life is of an autumn afternoon, many years ago, in old Paddington Churchyard, in London. It was a Sunday, and the neighboring streets were deserted and still. The sky, overcast with mistlike clouds, was gray and dim. The leaves were falling. The twilight was coming slowly, and a faint breeze was idly stirring the thin, withering grass. No sound was heard save of rustling foliage and sighing wind. I was standing at the grave of Sarah Siddons, illustrious actress of the Past; and beside me, pensive and mute, looking down upon the mould, stood Mary Anderson, auspicious actress of the Present.

There, on the one side, a few words, cut in marble, to record the end of a glorious life—the garlands dead; the music hushed; the pageant vanished. Here, on the other side, beauty in its radiance; youth in its triumph; genius in its power; fame in its glory. The contrast and the monition were too deep for words. We laid a few flowers on that grave and turned away in silence.

An Earthquake Sufferer

IT HAS long been known that player folk are the readiest and most generous in their response to the appeal of unmerited distress, and there was never a more magnificent demonstration of this than the manner in which they responded to the needs of the victims of the fire in San Francisco. But there has been an increasing suspicion that some few actors have availed themselves of the benefits to gain a publicity which otherwise might have been denied them. One of the performances lasted thirteen mortal hours, and at the end of it a weary newspaper critic was heard to remark:

"Those people out in San Francisco, they needn't be so stuck on themselves. They aren't the only sufferers!"

There is
No Good Reason
Against Good Insurance

Nor any substitute for it. Wherever failure to live means financial loss, there is call for Insurance. Is your life of financial value to another—your family, partners or business? If so, Life Insurance deserves your attention, and deserves it now. Your forethought will be better than their afterthought. ¶ When it comes to the best kind of Life Insurance, men do not all think alike. There is no desirable kind that cannot be obtained from THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. This is the oldest active Life Insurance Company in America, and the largest and staunchest in the world. It is a Mutual Company. It has no stockholders. Its assets belong to its policy-holders. It has paid them dividends continuously for fifty-six years. Taking its history through,

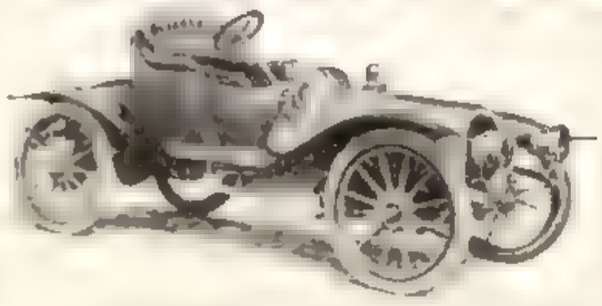
The Mutual Life Insurance Company

has done as well for its policy-holders as any company. It should have done better, as has recently been shown. Under the present management all policy-holders may expect unusually favorable results. This is made reasonable by the facts that it is a strictly Mutual Company, operated under New York laws, which are now the best in the world; that its great volume of business means smaller share of expense on each policy, and that the new methods and economies, which are now a part of its constitution, will save immense sums which must go to the policy-holders, as the only proper place. ¶ Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who became famous by conducting the investigation of the Legislative Committee, and who speaks with authority, has recently said: "We have had great companies exposed to close and unsparing analysis, only to find that their solidity was as the rock of Gibraltar. I would rather take insurance in a New York company compelled to transact business under these restrictions, than in any company not so restricted, and I believe that will be the sentiment of the people of these United States."

¶ If you would like to know for yourself the latest phases of Life Insurance, or wish information concerning any form of policy, consult our nearest agent or write direct to

The Mutual
Life Insurance Company,
New York

Aerocar



1907 Model C Touring Runabout. A new design of rare beauty. Different and superior to any other runabout. Graceful, fleetness, in every line. Hard, dull oil-paint finish, wear-proof and scar-proof. Aeroplane Mud Guards—also entirely new—which lighten the car in running and make steering easy; no mud can reach body or occupant. 36-inch wheels. Silent running. 50 miles an hour. Air-cooled Motor, reliable every day of the year.

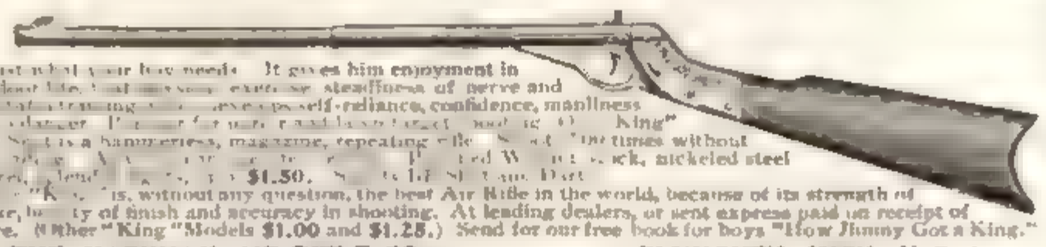
A Staunch, Swagger Touring Runabout, $2,000 f. o. b. Detroit.

Aerocar, Model A, Touring Car—5 passengers—price $2,500 with lamp and horn; with complete touring equipment $2,600. Send for free book I

The Aerocar Company, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Member American Motor Car Manufacturers Association.

The KING Air Rifle



Just what a air boy needs. It gives him enjoyment in outdoor life, [illegible] exercise, steadiness of nerve and [illegible] self-reliance, confidence, manliness. [illegible] "King" 500 shots in a hammerless, magazine, repeating rifle. Shoots 100 times without reloading. [illegible] Polished Walnut stock, nickeled steel barrel, [illegible] $1.50. [illegible] Dart.

The "King" is, without any question, the best Air Rifle in the world, because of its strength of make, beauty of finish and accuracy in shooting. At leading dealers, or sent express paid on receipt of price. (Other "King" Models $1.00 and $1.25.) Send for our free book for boys "How Jimmy Got a King."

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO., PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.
The Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World.

We Grow PEONIES Nothing Else

Now is the time to plant them. We offer only the choicest and best of the many [illegible] varieties in cultivation. We have a booklet in which we say something new on the subject of Peonies. Send for it.

Mohican Peony Gardens, Sinking Springs, Penna.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted sent free.

EVANS, WILKINS & CO., Washington, D. C.

WHAT SCHOOL? We Can Help You Decide

Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge.

(State kind of school.) American School & College Agency

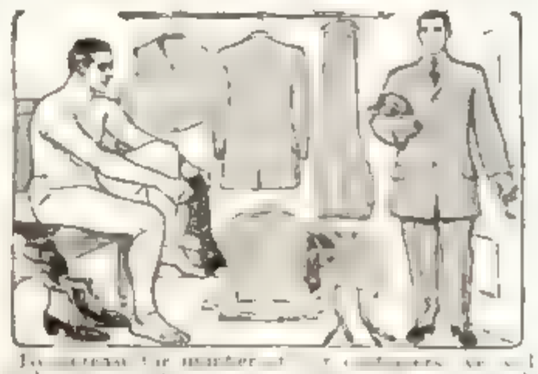
700 41 Park Row, New York, or, 1000 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

BLUE BOOK ON PATENTS

and list "WHAT TO INVENT," free to any address. Patents secured or fee returned.

Geo. S. Vashon & Co., 909 F St., Washington, D. C.

This To This $10



[illegible] extra articles have a cash value of at least $5.00.

[illegible] $10

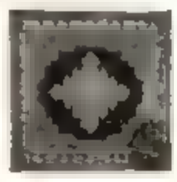
The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co.
Dept. A-82, 242-244 Market Street, Chicago
Refs., Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago, Capital, $1,000,000

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.25

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.25
9 x 7½ ft.	3.75
9 x 9 ft.	4.35
9 x 10½ ft.	4.75
9 x 12 ft.	5.25
9 x 15 ft.	6.25

Beautiful and attractive [illegible] Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687-G Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

STARK TREES ARE FAMOUS

wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits—Black Ben King David Delicious, etc.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

THE SHAME OF THE COLLEGES

(Concluded from Page 4)

have been traveling with the show during summer months, feeding the baby elephant and acting as understudy for the tattooed man."

"Will you continue your—er—professional career during the coming summer vacation?" I asked the Self-Supporting.

"I'm not sure, but I think not," he replied. "I am expecting to go on the stump to indorse Woodrow Wilson as Democratic nominee for President."

"But ——"

"Shush!" quoth the S. S. S. "Isn't Woodrow safe and sane and isn't Grover one of our trustees? Grover will tell him how to do it, and when Woodrow is nominated he will have a cinch—every State in the Union divided into yelling sections and every college man in each State going like a steam siren. His platform will be 'Onward and Upward': low tariff on athletic goods, football reform and university extension lectures in the Philippine Islands."

Tunneling carefully under the dormitories of Witherspoon and Blair, I found that my muck-dredger had brought forth an object all too common in the American Universities of late, namely, the Sporting Student. Youths of this type take the royal road to learning in a bright red touring car, running down the academic plodders along the way and stopping now and then only for liquid refreshments or to heed the Faculty warning about exceeding the speed limit. The Sporting Student is never trotted out to perform for visitors; he is seldom officially recognized by the Faculty; he is never mentioned in the baccalaureate sermon; neither has he conferred upon him the honorable title of B. A. (Bachelor of Automobiles). The Alumni Weekly does not run an item to say that "Plunger Brown, '97, lost heavily at Sheepshead Bay this season and is now wigwagging distress signals to his Governor, who lives in Chicago."

Yet the Tree of Knowledge bourgeons thick with this tender blossom; and Princeton, I sometimes suspect, is secretly proud of the specimen.

The case of Ferdinand Van Goldenbilt is cited because he is typical of the Sport's Progress amid the Frenzied but Unashamed. The Van Goldenbilts are an old New York family, rich, but too proud to beg, and Ferdinand was raised under a glass case, the lid being lifted only occasionally in order to dust him carefully. At his twelfth birthday he was put on the waiting-list of his father's twenty-eight clubs and made a director in a hundred and three corporations.

When he was eighteen, he was sent to Princeton bearing cards to three fellows in the Junior class, whom his mother recommended because they came of the best families in New York. He arrived on the campus looking so neat that some Sophomores called him "Ferdie the Fusser" and rumpled up his hair. Then something called the Princeton Spirit got hold of Ferdinand, and ere the autumn moon had changed he had stolen the clapper out of Old North bell, originated an anti-Soph proclamation, and endeavored to revive some barbarous college customs until he was tied down by the Sophomores and notified by the Faculty that the sport he was tampering with was at once obsolete and dangerous. He never presented his mother's cards, because he had more friends than he knew what to do with, and his room-mate was busy teaching him the mysteries of poker. At the end of his Freshman year, Ferdie had won $100 on the Yale-Princeton game, had lost $125 more on a baseball match, and had left a great deal of his property with Louis.

In his Sophomore year Ferdinand got an automobile, declaring that horses were out of date; but his friends noticed, however, that he still used a "pony" whenever he ventured into the mysterious region "that deep-browed Homer held as his demesne."

He was too much of a sport to violate the honor system, but he usually slid through examinations by the curl of an eyelash. During this term his mother and sister came down to a dance. Mrs. Van G. was somewhat grieved that Ferdie hadn't made the acquaintance of the Van Bibber and Buckingham boys. When she visited his room she was surprised to see so few pictures and decorations on the walls. (Ferdie had taken them all down and locked them safe from sight the night before.) Little did the proud Queen know that her Princeling's closest chum was a fellow named Hogg who came from Kansas and could drop-kick a football through the vortex of a cyclone.

At the end of Ferdie's Sophomore year, Louis had $507.28 worth of the lad's personal property in cold storage.

During his upper class days, Ferdie became the most inveterate plunger in his club. He bet on the make-up of the 'Varsity team before the fall term had begun; bet on the Freshmen class presidency; bet on the age of the girl his room-mate flirted with at the Junior prom.; bet on the results of examinations, the number of windows in Witherspoon—anything. He tried to buy out a theatrical production during the Easter vacation, but no one would loan him the money, so he withdrew. At the beginning of his Senior year, he gave his automobile to Louis to satisfy certain claims. Toward the close of his college days, "Ferdie the Fusser" looked as breezy and blowsy as the rest, smoked the loudest pipe and shouted with the foghorn voice of the chronic rooter. He still walked and talked with a man named Hogg.

In the spring Ferdie sat next to his chum on the steps of Old North, caroling college chanties with the Seniors. And Ferdie composed the following, which he gave to the soloist, who passed it along until it was split into barber-shop harmonies by the chorus:

When first I went to Princeton I was just as green as green,
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell,
To tell the truth I didn't know a proctor from the Dean,
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell.
I was an ig-no-ram-i-mus—or call me what you like—
The Sophs they saw me coming as I hoofed it down the pike;
I'd never heard of Shakespeare or of Hen-ery Van Dyke.
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell.

But you learn a lot at Princeton, at Princeton, at Princeton,
Though not so much in science or astronomy or law;
But the man who lingers here, sir, knows ginger-ale from beer, sir,
For liberal education thrives at Old Nassau.

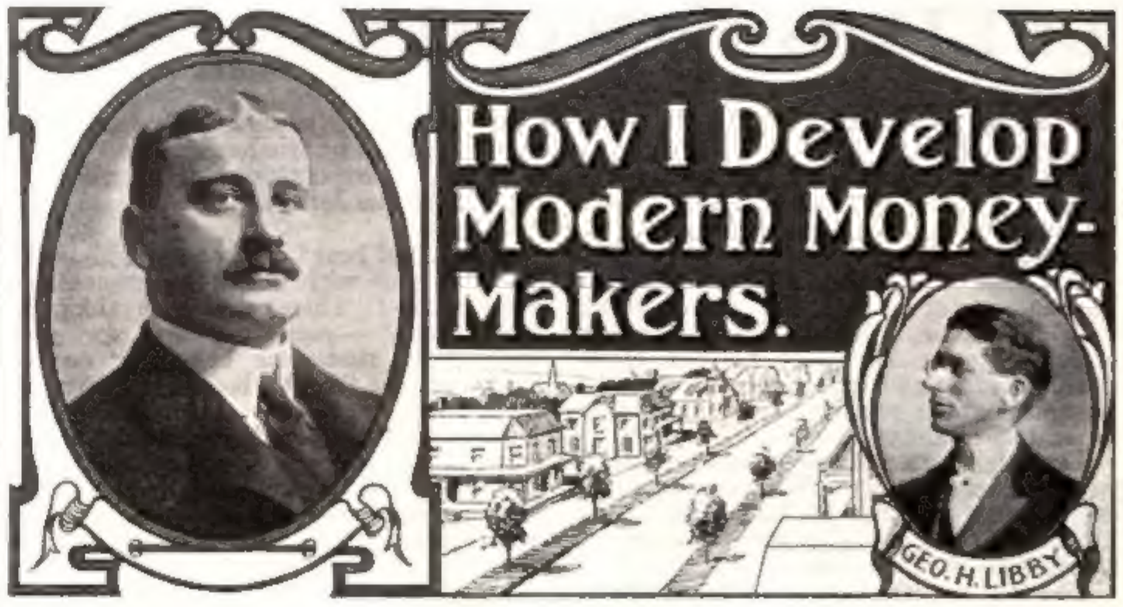
When first I went to Princeton my mentality was rough,
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell.
'Twas filled with Greek and algebra and unimportant stuff,
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell.
I didn't know a football from a pumpkin, so of course
Neglected education filled my conscience with remorse,
Till I learned the Locomotive Yell and made the welkin hoarse,
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell.

For you learn a lot at Princeton, at Princeton, at Princeton,
No scoffer at our Faculty can point a scornful paw;
And when the "game" is right, sir, we oft stay up all night, sir,
A-getting our education down at Old Nassau.

When first I went to Princeton, just because they said 'twas right,
Who stole the clapper from the Old North bell?
According to the prophet curfew didn't ring that night,
And never a *ding* dang the Old North bell.
They said that I was tender, so I got as tough as tripe,
They said that I was green, so I began to smoke a pipe,
And by my second season I was very, very ripe,
"Ding-dong, ding!" says the Old North bell.

For you learn a lot at Princeton, at Princeton, at Princeton,
Instructed by Minerva, that divine, didactic squaw;
You learn with Greek to grapple and how to cut your chapel,
For liberal education blooms at Old Nassau.

It is unnecessary to say that Ferdinand never came to any good end. He graduated and went from bad to worse. Finally he was caught conspiring with the Beet Sugar Trust and was sentenced to serve a life-term in the Senate.



Demand for Powell Ad Writers Three Times Greater Than in Any Previous Year. Salaries $1,200.00 Up.

The advertising business is to-day in its infancy, notwithstanding the marvelous growth of the past few years.

I have had three times the call for Powell graduates thus far in 1906 over any previous year. And this call comes from every section of America—from new advertisers who realize the importance of the trained ad writer as a factor in business conquest—from old advertisers who see husky new concerns getting big slices of their "established businesses"—and from the host of advertising agencies who are constantly expanding their copy departments.

In this great work of preparing ambitious young men and women to do good advertising, the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction has unquestionably played a more successful part than all other methods and institutions combined.

I have from the very start been the one advertising teacher who has received the almost unanimous endorsement of the advertising fraternity, and my worthy graduates have thus been in the best possible position to reap the quickest and biggest rewards.

An example: Prior to enrollment with me, Mr. F. W. Spollett, of the well known Carter Ink Co., sought the advice of the leading Boston advertising agencies, among them Wood, Putnam & Wood, who handle scores of high grade advertising appropriations, including Gillette Razors, etc., and the H. B. Humphrey Co., who place all the advertising of that noted reformer, Thomas W. Lawson, besides directing the destinies of many other notable advertisers.

Both these substantial representatives of the staid old "Hub," advised Mr. Spollett to take up the study of advertising—and recommended the Powell System.

The great trouble of advertisers to-day is to find the right sort of trained advertising men and women—trained in that practical way only possible through the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction.

Mr. Libby, whose portrait appears herewith, became my student less than a year ago, while filling a humble position with a New Jersey rubber company. The selfish manager tried to discourage him, saying "Powell won't help you," and, failing, he increased Mr. Libby's duties, hoping there would be no time for study. But selfishness availed nothing, and when through my course I placed him as advertising manager of the Frank D. Fuller Co., large real estate operators of Birmingham, Ala.

If you wish to learn about the positions awaiting good ad writers and how $1,200.00 to $6,000.00 a year is being earned, send for my free books—my fine Prospectus and "Net Results," which also tell how the struggling business man can double his profits. Address me

George H. Powell, 113 Metropolitan Annex, New York

ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE
That Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum
Chiclets
At All the Better Kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

Dykema Concrete Mixer $88

A hand power CONTINUOUS-CUBE mixer—self-measuring—perfect mix—low feed—saves labor and cement—"DIRECT TO YOU" PRICE. Power Mixers, $225. Cement Stone and Brick Machines $25 up. Send for Catalog. Book of 40 Building Plans, 30 Cents.

THE DYKEMA COMPANY, 686 Huron Street, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

(Concluded from Page 7)

Profiting by your absence, I have made inquiries. I have questioned Mortimer. I have got all the news without leaving the house. Your various friends have called on me, adding each a spicy bit about Spinola's performances.

But, first of all, let me tell you that your husband is not so absorbed as you think with his favorite horse. He has a few other ideas in his head besides cross-country riding and Irish hunters. For the past six months you have been giving him no end of anxiety!

Last night after dinner Mortimer talked with me very frankly. We were alone. I don't know whether he had been riding horseback that day; he seemed, anyway, to show no desire for sleep!

The fact is, you were the subject of our conversation. He divides your case into three periods: The first, during which he was disconsolate to see you become more and more indifferent, taking no interest in him or in anything else.

At this juncture—the second period—Spinola made his appearance in your life. Mortimer is very just in rendering homage to all his qualities. He said to me in the most humble way:

"What a pity that we American men, who love so tremendously, don't know how to please as well as these young Italian tenors."

Mortimer was not thinking of himself all this time; he was preoccupied about you. He noticed that, little by little, you were beginning again to occupy yourself with a lot of things which had ceased to appeal to you. Laughing, he said:

"She stopped being indifferent, or rather her indifference gradually changed into ill-humor. When I came back after 'they' had been together all afternoon, she was quite cross with me!"

I don't need to assure you that he had not the slightest suspicion of jealousy. He said to me:

"I couldn't have a keener sorrow than to suppose that something is lacking in Jane's happiness. Everything I can give her myself, I do. I would go to the ends of the world for her. But that sort of ease in conversing, that witty, foreign gift of jumping from one subject to another, which is so amusing to women, can't be bought at any price, and I am totally lacking in it."

So, my dear Jane, as long as Mortimer thought that you simply needed something to enliven you, and that Spinola brought you this "something," he effaced himself with a tender abnegation whose depths were all unselfishness. But then he began to see (period number three) that in order to be happy it was not "something" you wanted, but "some one."

"I did not know," he said to me, "how to treat the jealousy that I felt rising up in me. I tried to crush it out on the road with my horse's hoofs, to drown it under the rain-storms. In vain. All had become a reason for suspecting her, everything; even Jane's change of mood lately, when she got all of a sudden so amiable to me. I don't care for the theatre, because the air suffocates me, but I have seen enough modern comedies over Jane's shoulders to know that when the right kind of a woman begins to grow away from her husband she is always seized with remorse."

My dear Jane, your husband has never at any moment lost faith in you. He is worthy of all the affection you can feel for him.

"Her leaving so suddenly for Baltimore was on his account, wasn't it? Do tell me all you know about the affair! Help me to help her. I don't want her to suffer as I am suffering."

You don't need a reward when you have tried to do good to those you love. Yet I had my recompense, sufficient, when I could answer him:

"Mortimer, Jane's loyalty is better even than you think it. From the moment she felt the sort of charm which you recognize that Spinola exerts, she was on her guard. She wrote to tell me of it. She asked my advice. She followed it.

"Do you remember that evening when you came in wet through and through? When you went up to your room you found your dry things waiting for you, and you didn't put on the clothes that had been got ready? Do you know who it was that took such tender precaution for you?"

"My valet, I suppose. I was rather stunned at his unusual solicitude."

"Well, it wasn't your valet who had done it; it was Jane."

"*Jane?*"

If you had heard the sound of his voice and the tone with which he pronounced your name! There was everything in that "Jane"—persistent love for you, melancholy that was beginning to see light, remorse that he had been so stupid and obtuse.

Dear, if you should find that "*Jane*" again to welcome you back from Baltimore you would fall into his arms, and I would have no more fear of ever seeing another Spinola rise up as a menace to your happiness.

I say "another Spinola," for of the old one I fancy there will be no further question.

XI

To the same:

Don't suppose I am going to tell you that Spinola never cared for you. You are quite charming enough to have turned his head, and he was very naturally attracted to you.

Spinola, however, whatever the power you may have exerted over him, belongs to the category of men whose heads are never completely turned. For him, as for all foreigners of the Latin race, the "great affair" in life is a suitable marriage—a "*mariage de convenance.*"

Thus, at the same time that Spinola was bringing you books and plays, and giving you the benefit of his agreeable conversation for an hour or more every day, he was making love systematically to Alida Wynkoop with the hope of marrying her.

Spinola kept you, as it were, for a rainy day, in case of need, or, as they say in Italian, "as a pear for thirst." In this way, if Alida Wynkoop, he argued, were suddenly to turn the cold shoulder on him, his position would be less painful. He would appear in a favorable light before the world if he could be seen at once by your side. Had he compromised you but ever so slightly, there is more than one person who would have concluded that it was Miss Wynkoop who had been jilted. Such self-sacrifice on the part of our young hero would have seemed meritorious to the uninitiated. As a matter of fact, the sacrifice on this occasion would have been of your reputation. People would have very naturally supposed that if Spinola gave up his chances of marrying for the moment, it was because you had made promises to him for the future!

Now, so your friends have informed me, what Spinola dreaded most has come to pass. Miss Wynkoop, it is true, invited him to her house-party, but it was with the intention of presenting him to the fiancé she has just chosen. Spinola was informed duly of the little plan in preparation for Miss W.'s especial pleasure. Forewarned is forearmed. As though he was quite skilled in the course of conduct to pursue under these circumstances, he proceeded to write his young friend that he had heard the good news of the engagement, and was glad to be among the first to congratulate her.

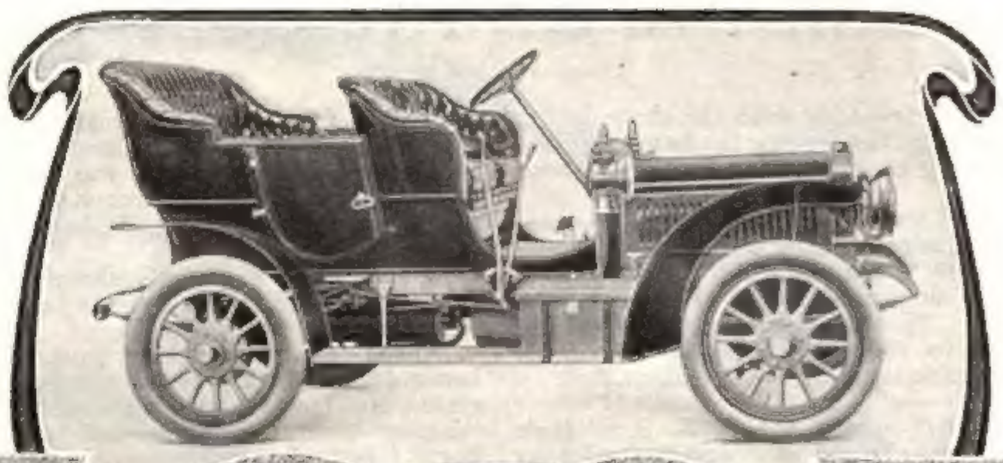
Meanwhile he was playing the rôle of ever-faithful to you. He led you to suppose that he was giving up an amusing visit to a country-house—and country hostess—in order to remain at the beck and call of his dearest friend.

Jane, dear, don't be angry at my comparison. It might be offensive on Mortimer's tongue; it can't be on mine. Well, then, Spinola took you as a sort of stage-horse. To-day he is stationed at Washington, to-morrow he will be at Constantinople. In the interim he doesn't want to be bored.

You were, let me add, too good to be taken as a pastime. And Mortimer is worth more than Spinola. You agree with me already. In six months you will laugh at the idea that you could have once written to ask whether a woman can love two men at once.

You love but one. If that one can be the same all your life, then you will say to yourself that you no longer need the advice of your poor old friend! Amen.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four crucial instances, typical of the experience of many women. The two remaining—the jealous woman and the woman on the verge of divorce—will follow in separate papers, each complete in itself, to appear in early succeeding numbers.



1907 CADILLAC

Now Ready!

Cadillac Supremacy once more asserts itself in the announcement that Model H, the final and perfected four-cylinder car for 1907, is ready for immediate delivery.

In improvement and mechanical finish this magnificent car out distances by at least two years any other car on the market. It has new features, but every one of them has been thoroughly tested and tried by months of severe service.

Its tremendous power makes it a veritable wonder in hill climbing; countless miles of travel over the roughest mountain roads in the country without balk or delay prove its never-failing dependability. *An automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car.*

Among the many features of the 1907 Cadillac are ease of control, due to our perfect planetary transmission; a marine type governor, regulating the speed of the engine under all conditions; a new and exclusive double-acting steering device that greatly increases safety; an independent steel engine suspension, which maintains perfect alignment of motor and transmission at all times, saving much strain and wear.

Model H is practically noiseless in operation; embodies the maximum of comfort in riding. **30 horse power**; capable of fifty miles an hour. Price, $2,500.

Enjoy a demonstration by your nearest dealer. His address and descriptive booklet O sent on request.

Other Cadillac models are: Model E, Runabout, $750; Model M, Light Touring Car, $950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit and do not include lamps.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

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There is something about Quaker Rice that makes it decidedly different from the ordinary cereal—the more you eat of it, the more you want. Its dainty lightness, delicate flavor and delicious crispness make you marvel at the ingenuity that has transformed common rice into such a wholesome and appetizing food.

Quaker Rice retains all of the goodness of the rice kernel, and by a special patented puffing process, cooks it thoroughly and adds to its palatableness, making it truly the delight of happy childhood.

Quaker Rice should be heated for a minute in a hot oven, and then served with milk, cream or sugar. Or, you will find recipes on the package for making dainty Quaker Rice confections. Quaker Rice is so easily digested and so pure and wholesome, that the children can eat all of it they want.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package.

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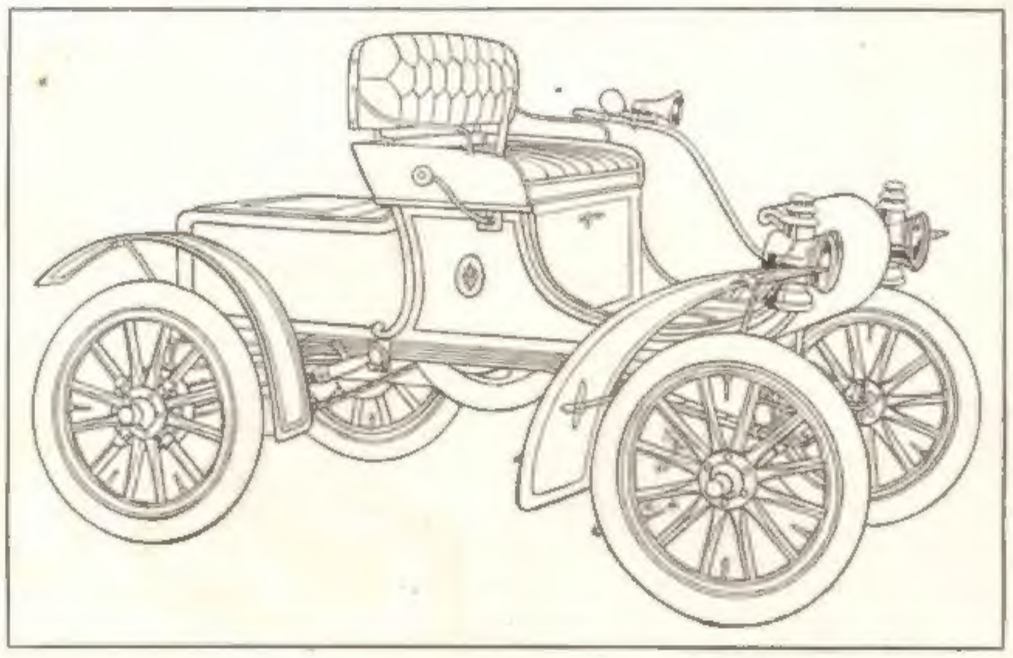

An offer that gives any boy an opportunity to secure an Oldsmobile Standard Runabout in return for selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Most boys will hardly believe it possible that they can earn an automobile for their very own, but we can show you how it is possible. Furthermore, the "bubble" will be one to be proud of. ¶ The Oldsmobile Standard Runabout is known all around the world. Its exploits have for over six years astounded the world. Its quality and capacity have made it a popular favorite and it is this car that has opened the eyes of business and professional men to the practical daily utility of the automobile. Its inexpensive maintenance and satisfactory service have earned for it universal acceptance. Numerous improvements have been made over the models of previous years; every means known to engineering skill have been employed to improve this car. There are two shapes:

1. The curved dash runabout.
2. The straight, or piano-box, front runabout.

You may take your choice of these popular models.

The motor is single cylinder horizontal, five by six inches, developing seven horse power. The vibration is reduced to a minimum by proper balance. The noise of exhaust is practically eliminated by a well-designed muffler with no back pressure.

The carburetor, spark plug valves and tanks are easily accessible by lifting the rear deck. A short main drive to the rear axle means little wear of the chain and only occasional adjustment. The motor is so hung that it throws the weight on the rear axle, thereby increasing traction. It is low enough to prevent the car from tipping over on any road or incline.

A priming guide has been added so that the engine may be started easily even in the coldest weather. The five levers have been changed from malleable iron to drop forge steel. The exhaust lever stops have been increased in size. Full stem guides are made of drilled rod instead of cold rolled steel. The valves in both inlet and exhaust passages are of ample size to obtain full power. The motor is supported entirely by the crank case so that the cylinder can be removed without disturbing any of the other important parts. The crank case cover can be removed to inspect the crank case, connecting rod, and piston. The crank safety bearings are of large area to prevent wear and are easily adjusted. The carburetor is of new design of the float feed type, provided with an exhaust and inlet. All its parts are easily accessible and may be very easily adjusted.

Ignition is by jump spark, two sets of batteries used with convenient switch for throwing in either set. The coil is made by Splitdorf and is the best that can be bought. Packard secondary wire is used, which is not affected by oil as is common rubber covered wire.

A lubricating system is used, oiling almost all the bearings automatically. Cooling water is circulated by a positively driven gear pump.

Transmission is planetary, having two stops forward and one reverse, operated by a single lever.

All gears are either bronze or machine steel and are so arranged that a bronze gear meshes with a steel one. The gears are of ample size, thus eliminating wear and the possibility of splitting or breakage. The transmission case is oil-tight and all gears run in oil. The frame of the running gear is forge angle steel riveted together. The rear axle is fitted with Hyde roller bearings.

The wheels are of the wood artillery type with pressed steel hubs. The front hub is made of heavy steel tubing.

The spark control lever is placed in a handy position near the speed lever and the throttle is controlled by a foot lever. There are two sets of brakes. The hub brakes are operated by a foot lever and the pull on the two hub brake bands is equalized by a compensating device. Brakes and transmission bands are of the highest grade steel and are lined with camel's hair belting. The Standard Runabout, in either form, equipped with top and storm curtain makes a comfortable car for winter driving. This equipment adapts itself peculiarly to the requirements of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST agents, whose duties call them out doors in all sorts of weather conditions. The catalogue price of this automobile is Six Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

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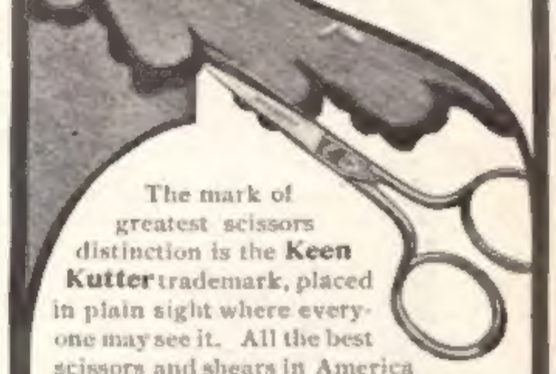

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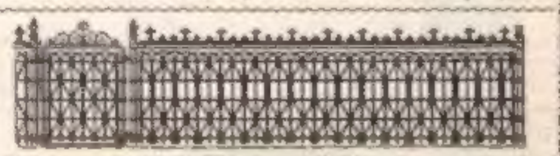

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